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TARIFF BILL IS READ AND REFERRED

It Provides for a Tax on Inherited Fortunes.

OIL ITEM REMAINS AS BEFORE.

General Downward Revision of Dingley Tariff Schedules—Iron Ore, Hides, Tallow, Cottonseed Oil and Coffee on Free List—Manufactured Articles of Iron and Steel Cut Nearly 50 per cent.—Lumber Chopped in Half.

A Washington dispatch dated March 17 says: The Payne tariff bill, the cardinal features of which included an inheritance tax, was introduced into the House of Representatives to-day and referred to the new committee on Ways and Means for consideration.

Apparently the tariff framers have kept faith with President Taft. The bill provides a general downward revision of the Dingley tariff schedules.

Iron ore, hides, tallow, cottonseed oil and coffee go on the free list. Duties on manufactures of iron and steel, including steel rails and tin plate, are reduced on a graduated scale amounting to nearly 50 per cent.

Countervailing duty on petroleum remains unchanged.

Duties on shoes are reduced 40 per cent. and there is a heavy reduction on manufactured leathers.

Lumber and timber duties are cut 50 per cent.

Reciprocal free trade with the Philippines is authorized, permitting the free importation of 300,000 tons of sugar, 300,000 pounds of wrapper tobacco, 3,000,000 of filler tobacco and 150,000,000 cigars a year.

Coal, coke and agricultural implements are admitted free from countries having reciprocal agreements.

The duty on refined sugar is reduced five one-hundredths of one cent per pound.

Duties on wools of the cheaper sort are reduced.

Duties on large sized plate glass are reduced but increased on the smaller sizes.

Duties on nails, wire, hardware and tools are reduced.

Duties on cigarettes are increased 50 per cent., but beer and whiskey are not touched.

A duty of eight cents a pound is levied on teas when imported from the country in which produced and nine cents a pound when imported from other countries.

Cocoa is taken from the free list and made dutiable at four cents a pound. Duties on prepared cocoa are increased 50 per cent.

Duties on women's necessaries, such as perfumeries and toilet articles, fancy soap, feathers, furs dressed on the skin and manufactures of hair have been heavily increased.

President Taft's special tariff message is brief, and to the point. It is as follows:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives:

"I convened congress this extra session in order to enable it to give immediate consideration to the revision of the Dingley tariff. The conditions affecting production, manufacture and business generally have so changed in the last twelve years as to require the readjustment and revision of import duties imposed by the act.

"More than this, the present tariff act with other sources of the government revenues is not sufficient to pay our authorized expenditures. By July 1, next, the excess of expenses over receipts for the current fiscal year will equal $100,000,000.

"The successful party last election was pledged to tariff revision. The country and the business community especially expect it. The prospect of a change in the rates of import duties always causes suspension or business halt, because of the uncertainty in the changes to be made and their effect. It is therefore of the highest importance that the new bill be agreed upon and passed with as much speed as possible consistent with its due and thorough consideration. For these reasons I have deemed the present to be an extraordinary occasion within the meaning of the constitution justifying and requiring the calling of an extra session.

"In my inaugural address I stated in a summary way the principle on which in my judgment tariff revision should proceed and indicated at least one new source of revenue which might properly be resorted to in order to avoid a future deficit. It is not necessary to repeat what I then said. I venture to suggest that the vital business interests of the country require that the attention of congress this session be chiefly devoted to a consideration of a new tariff bill and that the less time given to other subjects of legislation, the better for the country.

(Signed) "W. H. TAFT."

PAUL CRAMSIE

Died at the Home of His Parents on Willow Street on Friday.

Paul Cramsie, aged 21 years and 11 months, died at the home of his parents on Willow street, this borough, last Friday morning at 5:45 o'clock. The cause of his death was tuberculosis, and he had been confined to the house for the past eight months with this terrible malady.

Two years ago he was as strong and healthy a young man as could be found in this section, and no one who saw him then would have thought that he was subject to this properly termed white plague. But about that time he fell under a train at Olean and had one of his legs cut off above the ankle. The long confinement necessary after this injury seemed to undermine his health and tuberculosis developed, making rapid inroads on his previously strong constitution.

Paul was a son of Mr. and Mrs. John John Cramsie and was born in East Smethport, April 13, 1884, and aside from a few years spent in Olean with his parents, has always lived here. Besides his parents he is survived by four sisters, Mrs. H. S. Belts of York, Pa., Mrs. Herman Dotterweich of Olean, Mrs. Grant Derby of Buffalo and Mrs. M. L. Otis of Olean, and two brothers, James and Robert.

The funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's church Monday morning at 8:30 o'clock, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating, and his remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Mrs. Mack Passes Away.

Mrs. Esther Mack died at the County Home last Friday morning, aged 50 years. Death was caused by heart trouble and it is supposed that the arrest of her son while he was visiting her and his conviction hastened the fatal summons. Previous to his visit nearly three weeks ago she was in fairly good health but after he was taken away she began to fail and continued so to do until the end.

Mrs. Mack came to live at the County Home last November, previous to that time she had lived in Farmers Valley for two years. Besides her son, Bert Leonard, she is survived by an adopted daughter, Mrs. Bert Smith, who resides at Cuba, N. Y.

Her remains were taken in charge by Bert Smith of Cuba and taken to Farmers Valley on Sunday. The funeral services were held at the Union church, Rev. Somersgill officiating, and the burial was in Smith Hill cemetery.

New Bank Prospects.

G. B. Mayo of Smethport and C. B. Underwood of Coryville, are in town today with a petition, getting applications for stock in a new bank to be established here. Their option for a new charter is the one secured by Smethport parties last January, but from which D. C. Young, president of the Grange bank at Smethport, has withdrawn. G. B. Mayo and Mr. Underwood are endeavoring to get enough local subscriptions to start the bank and will endeavor to have the thing under way the latter part of the month. The Eagle does not express an opinion on this now. There are other parties interested in the establishing of a bank here and this paper would like to see the deal closed to the most benefit of Eldred. That there will be a bank here in the near future is an assured fact.—Eldred Eagle.

Oppose Hospital Appropriation.

We learn by reading the Kane Republican that there is opposition to an appropriation being made at this session of the legislature to the Kane Summit hospital. And we further learn by reading between the lines that this opposition has grown out of the family quarrel between some of the doctors in that place.

It may be a good thing for the public to have the medical fraternity get into a little squabble once in a while and thereby give to the public some of the family secrets, which are usually kept in the skeleton closet, but, just at this time it seems to be bad form—as case of the doctors fighting over the patient while the life blood of the patient slowly ebbs away.

Senator Baldwin an Oil Man.

Hon. Fred C. Leonard returned Wednesday from Canada, where he has been looking after an oil lease owned by Hon. Frank E. Baldwin, A. F. Smith and himself.

The gentlemen have drilled two wells on the lease and are making arrangements to drill another in the near future. The second well came in at the hundred barrel figure but it settled down to a 30 barrel a day well, which is also the average daily output of well number one, which has been drilled now over a year. There is room for about 30 wells on the lease. The oil is a very good quality.—Coudersport Enterprise.

Subscribe for the MINER.

DIED OF PARALYSIS.

Well-Known Coleville Resident Fatally Stricken While Driving to Bradford.

Lorenzo Burgess of Coleville, aged 58 years, died Monday noon at the home of Samuel McGee, Corwin Center. Death came suddenly and was due to paralysis, says the Bradford Era.

Mr. Burgess was on his way to Bradford and was driving his team when the stroke came which rendered him helpless. A young woman, walking along the highway toward Garlock, where she is engaged in teaching school, had been overtaken by the deceased and he asked her to take a ride upon his wagon. She accepted the friendly offer and while she was sitting at his side she noticed that Mr. Burgess suddenly became silent and soon the reins dropped from his grasp. She picked up the lines and asked Mr. Burgess if he was ill.—He made no reply. He still sat on the wagon seat, however, and although unable to speak, seemed conscious. The young woman, on reaching her destination, arranged the reins in his hands and went to her school.

Soon after this, John Wooster, a resident of the vicinity, observed Burgess' team on the road without a driver. A closer investigation resulting in finding Mr. Burgess lying on the whiffletree of the wagon behind the horses in an unconscious condition. The unfortunate man had fallen forward in his helplessness and his condition was made worse when his head struck upon the wagon tongue. Concussion of the brain had resulted.

He was taken to the home of Samuel McGee at Corwin Center and Dr. Lewis Joseph was summoned from Bradford. Still's ambulance also was sent for. At noon Mr. Burgess died. Before the end came he partially regained consciousness and tried to speak, but it was impossible. Dr. Joseph diagnosed the cause of his death as a paralytic stroke affecting the man's left side.

Coroner Sherman was notified and after learning the facts decided that no inquest was necessary. The remains were conveyed to the home of the deceased at Coleville, which only a few hours before he had left in his usual health. The sudden death was a great shock to members of his family, and to his neighbors and friends. He was a well-known citizen and was held in high esteem in the community.

Deceased is survived by his widow, seven daughters and two sons. Two of the daughters reside in Bradford namely Mrs. Nellie Elmore of Davis street and Mrs. Myron Burgess of Zoe street. Mrs. George Elmore of Kane is also a daughter of the deceased.

Game Cocks Were Killed.

Local sports will undoubtedly be interestin the paragraph which follows, as a matter of comparison in values of game birds. A careful buyer could probably scent around this vicinity for a day or two and pick up 84 full-blooded game cocks for about $48, owing to the fact that this branch of sport has been unusually dull this winter. Our sports have just as good birds as any of them but there is little or no demand for them in the pit if rumors are true. The clipping follows:

Eighty-four game cocks, valued at about $8,000 as fighting cocks, have just been destroyed by the Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals at their ambulance house in New York. The birds were taken in raids made recently at New Rochelle and Jamaica, Long Island. Beford the New Rochelle consignment was turned over to the society the police had several offers of $100 each for various birds if they would return them to their original owners. One man offered as high as $500 for a single bird. This was the famous one eyed rooster, said to be champion of New York State. The society would not permit the birds to be returned to any private ownership, fearing that the breeding and fighting of game cocks might be encouraged.

The Indian and the Game Laws.

The Indian in relation to the game laws of the state has been a question much mooted and one that up to the present has not been solved to the satisfaction of all concerned. There is little legal precedent on the subject and a case very much in point is now awaiting final disposal. Tilden Jimerson, a Shongo Indian, residing a few miles from Salamanca was caught with four grouse and this during the closed season. The case went to trial before a jury which disagreed, and at another trial following in which the Indian was represented by John Snyder, an Indian attorney, the defendant was aquitted by a jury. Snyder cited ancient treaty rights and customs, to good purpose and to the jury it looked as though the game laws and the game laws' attorneys were wrong. The case this time is removed from the criminal courts and the state is suing Jimerson to recover the penalty of the crime. In this case the penalty for possession of a bird out of season is $25 for each one and additional penalty of $60 for the commission of the crime. Burdette Whipple is handling the state's side of the case.—Bradford Star.

JOE CANNON IS RE-ELECTED TO SPEAKERSHIP

"Uncle Joe" Wins Out After a Hard Fight.

RULES ARE SLIGHTLY REVISED.

Party Lines Were Thrown Aside and Democrats Voted With Republicans and Republicans With Democrats—Cannon Received 204 Votes to Clark's 166 Votes.

A special dispatch to the Philadelphia Inquirer, dated March 15, says:

After the pendulum of victory had swung first to one side and then to the other, "insurgent" Republicans voting with Democrats and a sprinkling of Democrats voting with the "regular" Republicans, party lines toppling and all hands on the verge of blows, the rules of the House of Representatives were to-day revised by a resolution introduced by one lone, disinherited Democrat, Representative Fitzgerald of New York.

The vote amending the rules was 211 to 172. The resolution was a substitute for one offered by Mr. Clark of Missouri. The "regular" Republicans voted with Mr. Fitzgerald against the "insurgents" and the Democrats. This action was taken after by a vote of 193 to 189 the "insurgents" had defeated the resolution making the rules of the last House the basis on which business was to be conducted in the new. A re-election was accorded to the Speaker, as was expected, the vote being 204 for him to 166 for Champ Clark, the minority leader, and 12 scattering, and at that time it looked as if "Uncle Joe" would win all along the line.

As adopted the Fitzgerald amendment makes no change in the present method of selecting the Committee on Rules, which is made by the Speaker. There is no change in the way of selecting committees.

As analyzed by parliamentarians, the amendment makes three important changes.

First, it establishes a "calendar for unanimous consents," the effect of which is to enable a member to have a proposition brought before the House without having to go to the Speaker for recognition. This change, they say, will be a relief to the Speaker.

Second, when consideration of a bill is concluded and the previous question is ordered, the rules heretofore have provided for a motion to commit with or without instructions. It has been the practice to recognize a member of the majority party to make this motion and thus prevent the minority from offering such instructions as it may desire. This new rule gives the minority the preference in making such a motion, and thus enables them to get a record vote on propositions that would otherwise be settled in committee of the whole House, where no record vote is possible.

Third, it protects the calendar Wednesday by requiring a two-thirds instead of a majority vote to set it aside.

Fourth, it is also claimed that the amendment will have the effect of preventing favoritism by the action of the Committee on Rules in special cases.

Champ Clark, the leader of the minority, called Fitzgerald a "slap-jack jaw" and some of the "regular" Republicans ridiculed his resolution for a definite revision of the rules, but later, when the Democrats and "insurgents" had demonstrated their strength and defeated the motion for the re-adoption of the rules of the last Congress, the Republicans held a hasty conference and decided that Fitzgerald's plan had its merits, and that they had better accept it.

Incidentally, John Dalzell and his Committee on Rules saved themselves from being wiped off the map and being replaced by a committee whose majority would have been composed of Democrats and "insurgent" Republicans. Not for twenty-five years has the House of Representatives known such a day. Shouts and threats, cheering and groans and the banging of desks, sounded across the immense chamber like the shot and shell of a battlefield, with "Uncle Joe" Cannon rearing up from the Speaker's rostrum waving his arms like a tattered and scarred flag.

Not in the memory of the oldest Representative in the House have such scenes been witnessed. John Dalzell, who had charge of the situation for the "regulars," stormed and shouted at his warriors, clinched his fist and cried, "now we vote 'no,' d'ye hear—now, we vote 'no.'"

On the other side of the House Champ Clark, who was really a sick man under the doctor's care, would be on his feet, his face flushed with excitement, shouting to his clan: "Up guards, we vote 'yes' on this proposition."

So many votes were taken in this parliamentary strategic battle over the rules that it took a clever head to keep track of the question. Democrats would vote "yes" and then hastily retract. Each time a few votes either way would have turned the tide. The whips on both sides of the House fretted, cajoled and threatened, to keep their lines intact.

The great day of battle started off in the calm that always precedes the storm. There was an air of suppressed excitement all through the House.

The galleries were choked with men and women. Mrs. Taft, the wife of the President, had to force a way through the tremendous jam to get to the seat that had been reserved for her in the executive gallery. Diplomats from other countries were thick as Kentucky colonels in the galleries, all anxious to see the great game of American politics played to the limit in the greatest theatre of the nation.

If it had been a Congress called to revise the constitution instead of the rules of procedure the excitement could not have been more intense.

Both sides had lined up forces solidly. Every seat on the floor was occupied. The vote for Speaker began the day's work. The Democratic caucus in the morning had unanimously voted for Champ Clark and cast a solid vote for him in the House. With the exception of twelve "insurgents" who voted for members of their own group, the entire Republican vote was given to Joseph G. Cannon.

As each "insurgent" voted against Cannon there was applause from the Democrats. The result was not long in doubt, however, and when the final vote was announced Cannon was the victor by 204 to 166 for Clark. Others receiving votes were: Cooper, Wisconsin, 8; Esch, Wisconsin, 1; Norris, Nebraska, 2; Hepburn, Iowa, 1.

Champ Clark then escorted "Uncle Joe" from his office to the Speaker's chair and presented the victor in this wise:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives, I present to you the second man in the history of this country to be elected Speaker for four consecutive terms—Joseph G. Cannon."

OLIVER IS SENATOR.

Was Formally Elected on Tuesday in House and Senate.

George T. Oliver of Pittsburg was on Tuesday afternoon elected United States Senator to fill the unexpired term of Secretary of State Philander C. Knox. The Senate and House voted separately at three o'clock that afternoon on Senatorship and yesterday they met in joint session and formerly ratified the choice. In the Senate, Mr. Oliver received 37 votes to eight for Webster Grim of Bucks county, the Democratic nominee and one for Judge Nathaniel Ewing of Uniontown, four being absent. In the House the vote was: Oliver 164, Grim 31, absent 12.

George Tenor Oliver of Pittsburg was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, January 20, 1848, while his parents were visiting in that country, they at the time being residents of Allegheny City, Pa. He was educated in the public schools of Allegheny at Pleasant Hill academy, West Middletown, Pa., and at Bethany college, West Virginia, where he was graduated in 1868. He studied law and was admitted to the bar of Allegheny county in 1871.

After an active practice of 10 years he retired in 1881 and engaged in iron and steel manufacturing. He was first vice president and afterward president of the Oliver Wire Company until that company disposed of its plants in 1899. In 1899 he became president of the Hainsworth Company and retained that position until its merger with the Oliver and Snyder Steel Company in 1897, of which he was president, until he disposed of his interest in the concern in 1901.

In the summer of 1900 he purchased the Pittsburg Gazette, and later in the same year acquired the controlling interest in the Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph. He is connected as a director with different corporations in Pittsburg.

Mr. Oliver has never had public office except that of president of the Central board of education in Pittsburg, which position he occupied from 1881 to 1884. He was presidential elector in 1884 and was delegate to the Republican national convention in 1904. He is president of the Duquesne club of Pittsburg. He was married to Miss Mary Kountze, of Omaha, Neb., and has six children living.

Mr. Oliver is an able man of affairs, successful in business and well informed along many lines. He will ogably represent his constituents in the upper House of Congress.

For Sale Cheap.

Two wood stoves in good condition. One dress form as good as new. All will be sold very cheap for cash. Call on Mrs. Frank W. Backus, East Main street.

Vacuum House Cleaner.

I am prepared to do all kinds of house cleaning with a vacuum cleaner at reasonable rates. Leave orders at Wells' Drug Store. GEORGE SCHMOTH.

OUR FIRE ENGINE

Was Tried Out Last Friday Night and Works Well.

Last Friday night a fire drill was held by some of the active members of the Smethport Hose, company and on this occasion they decided to try out the merits of our new fire engine, and after they got it in proper working order it showed conclusively that it will be a great benefit in case Smethport is visited by a big fire.

Promptly to a call at 7 o'clock about twenty of our fire laddies came out in fire-fighting regalia. After testing the chemical fire extinguishers, they turned their attention to the engine. And it may prove a very lucky thing that this test was made, for in so doing, they found a valve in the automatic heating apparatus that stuck in such a way that had it been left until wanted at a real fire it might have caused a great deal of trouble.

The engine was run out of the house, fired up and a connection made at the hose house. In the mean time two lines were laid on Main street and in a comparatively short time two excellent streams were being plied up and down the pavement. However, they died down in a short time and it was discovered that a certain valve was not working as it should. This, however, was soon corrected then the boys demonstrated to the most sceptical that Smethport has a good (if we only had a hose wagon) a fire fighting outfit—men and machinery—as any town of its size in this section of the country.

It is the intention of the Fire Department to have these fire drills often in the future and thus keep the boys thoroughly familiar with the apparatus as well as having the assurance that everything is in perfect repair and ready for business at a moment's notice.

Celluloid Comb Explodes.

John J. Mundy, editor of the Potter Democrat, is one of the greatest men in the business to dig up news of an unusual nature and seldom a week passes that he does not have something out of the ordinary. He never stretches the facts to get a good story but simply digs up the most unusual facts. This from his last issue:

By the explosion of a celluloid comb, a fire was started in the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Yeutzer of Fishing Creek one night last week, which consumed some clothing hanging on the wall and might have been of a serious nature had not Mr. Yeutzer arrived quickly on the scene and extinguished the blaze.

Miss Laura Yeutzer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Yeutzer had been using the comb before retiring and placed it on a dresser within about twelve inches of a small lamp. A few moments afterward she was startled to see what appeared to be a large ball of fire, leap from the dresser and alight on the floor beneath some clothing on the wall. She called to her father and ran for some water, Mr. Yeutzer put out the flame by smothering them with some clothing and in the same manner extinguished the fire which had started in the garments, doing damage to the amount of $5.

A surprising part of the occurrence was that while the comb was consumed, the carpet on which it had fallen was only slightly scorched.

Laying of Corner Stone.

On Thursday afternoon, March 11th, exercises incident to the laying of the corner stone of the new dormitory at the Clarion State Normal School were held. The exercises were in charge of the principal, J. George Becht, and began at 2 o'clock. Rolls of the different classes, copies of local papers, pictures of the proposed building, together with coins, photographs of President Taft, Governor Stuart and State Superintendent Schaeffer were placed in the receptacle, the stone being lowered by the contractor, Milson Bierkamper.

Hon. Emerson Collins, of Williamsport, Pa., delivered the address of the day and it was listened to by a large and attentive audience.

The new dormitory, which will be ready for occupancy at the beginning of the fall term, will be one of the finest Normal School buildings in the State. It was designed by Allison & Allison, architects, Pittsburg, and represents the modern ideas in school architecture. It will be of gray brick with a red tile roof and will accomodate about two hundred fifty people. On account of the increasing attendance at the school, this dormitory will be a much needed addition to the school plant.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House. Smethport, Pa.

The Clarion State Normal School. Ideally located. Strong faculty. Splendid equipment. Offers exceptional advantages. Write for illustrated catalog. Spring Term opens March 23rd.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Baby Cupid.

By LITTELL M'CLUNG.

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Mrs. Kenton repulsed his seriousness with a flirtatious laugh.

"Let's see! Why, you've known me only a month," the pretty widow objected. "You're never even seen the rest of the family!"

"You mean Henry?" he said.

"Of course I mean Henry!" she exclaimed. "Who else could I mean? The very idea of your starting to propose to me, Mr. Barton, without ever having seen Henry. The man who loves me must love him, too. He must think that Henry is the handsomest, finest little fellow in the world.

"Oh, you'd not realize what such a baby as Henry means to a young mother. He is her joy, her hope, her life, Mr. Barton. The man she loves must share her feelings about her child. You understand, don't you?"

The man nodded.

"But how am I to share your love for the child if I never to meet him. If you don't give me the chance?" he demanded. "I call in the evening, and the nurse is just putting him to bed. I step in in the afternoon, and you and Henry have gone out for a ride.

"Something always happens to keep Henry out of my sight. I've about come to believe that he is a myth, a gratifying phantom that willfully eludes me."

"How can you, Mr. Barton, use the word 'prattling' when speaking of Henry?" she demanded, trying to keep a serious face. "The little dear doesn't prattle—he talks."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "I hardly thought he was old enough to."

"Certainly he's old enough," she interrupted. "He can say 'mamma' just beautifully, and at present I'm concentrating my energies on getting him to say 'dear mamma' and 'nurse' and other necessary words."

The light of inspiration flashed over James Barton's face.

"Why don't you teach him my name?" he asked eagerly. "It's very easy—just Jim, you know. Then when Henry and I do get acquainted we'll start on terms of friendship without any preliminaries."

"Oh, what an ideal" she cooed. "Why, of course Henry shall be taught to say 'Jim.'"

Barton flushed with a thrill the blush that dyed her cheek even as her tongue betrayed at the name.

"Well, when shall it be, then?" he asked. "Let me make an engagement with you and Henry."

"Let me see—this is the 20th, isn't it?" she mused. "Will on the 1st of next month, in the afternoon, the —the Young Mothers' club meets at my house. You can come around then and have tea with us. Henry will be wearing his best frock in your honor."

"Fine and dandy!" declared Barton as he lifted his hat in farewell. "I'll be on hand, Mrs. Kenton, you may be sure."

On the eventful afternoon Barton came, as he had said, a smile of confidence lighting his face—a smile that, alas, faded as quickly as the blush of a debutante.

Mrs. Kenton greeted him with a warm hand clasp, and the next moment he found himself in a drawing-room filled with young women. He was the only man in sight, and his knees trembled as the rapid fire introductions began.

But he faced, like a hero, the chorus of "Oh!" "Delighted!" and "How charming!" and came through with face unflushed.

Tea was served and the meeting gave promise of passing off pleasantly enough. But the blow fell when the president, a middle aged woman with a twinkle of humor in her eye, arose for the first formal announcement.

"Ladies," she said mildly, "several of us, as is our custom, have brought our children with us—the proper thing for young mothers to do. These children, as you are aware, are upstairs in care of two of our most loyal mothers.

"Each of us has listened with patience, do it said, to praises of another's prodigy. But now we are prepared to learn the truth. There is a gentleman in our midst. He shall see the children and make formal report to us as to which is the prettiest!"

Barton's heart went right down into his patent leathers as he turned upon Mrs. Kenton with a look of unforgiving reproach.

"Really, I didn't do it!" she whispered. "It's one of the surprises the club always springs on the hostess—'pon my soul it is!"

There was no doubting the sincerity of her tone, and Barton, summoning to his aid every fiber of his courage, rose to protest. The quick eyed president divined his intention, and she gave him no chance to utter a word.

"The young gentleman may wish to protest that he is not a good judge of children," she declared, "but we can not listen to him. We all feel sure that he is a man of judgment and courage and that he will do what we ask of him."

A dozen smiles were suppressed as a dozen heads nodded approval. Barton's eye flashed, for the humor of the situation had not appealed to him.

"I shall not protest, ladies," he said with quiet determination. "On the contrary, I shall be very glad to pick out the prettiest baby for you. And, furthermore, I am prepared to face the consequences, whatever they may be."

The president smiled and appointed a committee to escort Barton to the nursery. Soon he was the center of six contented infants, who were toddling and crawling about over the floor in care of two guardian mothers.

The impromptu nurses were sworn to secrecy, and Barton was given a blue ribbon to tie on the arm of the baby he thought the prettiest. Then he was left alone with the infants.

He realized full well that, while it all might be a huge joke with the mothers, for him it was about the most serious moment of his life.

"If I miss giving this ribbon to Beth Kenton's baby the chances are she'll never speak to me again," he muttered. "I know hers is the prettiest, but how under the sun am I to know which is hers? Babies all look pretty much alike to me."

With the slip of ribbon clutched between his irresistible fingers he began to scan intently, hopefully, one by one, the faces of the babies. He found no distinguishing marks on the first three, but at the fourth he hesitated, and his breath came faster.

Surely those large, inquiring, blue eyes were the eyes of Mrs. Kenton, and of a certainty that delicate, finely chiseled little nose was very like the nose of Mrs. Kenton.

"Here's where I win hands down!" he breathed, stilling his conscience. "I don't care a rap whether this chap is really the best looking or not—he gets the prize."

He reached out his arms toward the child, when a voice behind stopped him.

"Jim-Jum-Jum-Jim—mamma!"

It was certainly the tiniest kind of a voice, but as accurate as could be. He turned to behold a lively boy pawing the air with his chubby hands.

"Jim-Jum-ma-ma!" The baby cried delightedly at being noticed.

With a swoop Barton grabbed the child, for the first chance told him beyond doubt that this was Mrs. Kenton's baby. With the youngster in his arms he rushed down the stairs and broke in upon the startled young mothers.

"Ladies," he exclaimed triumphantly, "I pick this child as the prettiest of all!"

"Oh, you dear, dear man!" whispered the hostess, taking the baby into her arms and kissing him energetically.

But Barton did not answer until all the other mothers had gone. Then he said the thing most natural.

"Don't you think your boy might be taught to say 'papa?'" he asked with more sincerity than tact, it is to be feared.

"Perhaps so," replied Mrs. Kenton, smiling happily. "Come, Henry," she coaxed, "say 'papa' for mamma, won't you?"

But Henry only cooed "Jum-Jum-ma-ma-Jim!"

"Thou Diest on Point of Fox."

Fox blades were celebrated all through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for their excellent temper, and mention of them is frequent in English drama. This is their history:

There was a certain Julian del Rel, believed to be a Morisco, who set up a forge at Toledo in the early part of the sixteenth century and became famous for the excellence of his sword blades, which were regarded as the best of Toledo. That city had for many ages previous been renowned for swordmaking, it being supposed that the Moors introduced the art, as they did so many good things, from the east.

Julian del Rel's mark was a little dog, which came to be taken for a fox, and so the "fox blade" or simply "fox" for any good sword. See "Henry V.," act 4, scene 4, "Thou diest on point of fox." The brand came to be imitated in other places, and there are Solingen blades of comparatively modern manufacture which still bear the little dog of Julian del Rel.—London Notes and Queries.

Et Cetera.

He is a poor little neglected boy whose mamma is so busy with mothers' meetings and club conventions and such important matters that she really hasn't time to attend to her children. This little boy was entertaining a casual caller while his mother was upstairs putting the finishing touches to her toilet. Said the little boy, whose own toilet was sadly in need of attention:

"What does e. t. c. mean?"

"E. t. c.?" asked the caller.

"Yes," said the little boy. "It's a sort of a word. It's in a book I was reading."

"Oh!" said the caller. "Etc. is an abbreviation. It is Latin. It stands for et cetera."

The little boy looked puzzled. "I'm not in Latin yet," he said.

"Et cetera," explained the caller, "means—well, it means 'and so on.'"

The little boy was thoughtful for a moment, and then he said:

"I wish my grammar could find time to et cetera the buttons on my pants."

And, taking in his dishevele appearance, the visitor murmured, "Amen!"—New York Times.

A Seasonable Remedy.

A poor woman, understanding that Oliver Goldsmith was a physician and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him by letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good natured poet waited on her instantly and after some discourse with his patient found him sinking with sickness and poverty. The doctor told the honest pair that they would hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills which he believed would prove efficacious.

He immediately went home and put 10 guineas into a chip box with the following label; "These must be used as necessities require. Be patient and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourners, who found it contained a remedy superior to anything Galen or his disciples could ever administer.

Oriental Rugs.

The principal types of oriental rugs are Caucasian, Turkish, Persian, Turkoman and Indian. Sir George Birdwood is of the opinion that, whatever their type of ornamentation may be, a deep and complicate symbolism, originating in Babylonia and possibly India, pervades every denomination of oriental carpets. Thus the carpet itself prefigures space and eternity and the general pattern or filling, as it is technically termed, the fleeting finite universe of animated beauty. Every color used has its significance, and the design, whether mythological or natural, bestial or floral, has its hidden meaning. The very irregularities, either in drawing or coloring, to be observed in almost every oriental carpet and invariably in Turkoman carpets are seldom accidental, the usual deliberate intention being to avert the evil eye and insure good luck.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Couldn't Stand Strain.

"Does she worry much about her expense account?"

"Oh, no; not that."

"What troubles her, then?"

"Just her husband's bank account."

A Wedding Decoration.

Whether it was a mistake or a joke or simply an example of bad taste is a question that is still puzzling most of the passengers. But no matter about that. It certainly was a floral masterpiece. Full four feet it stood from the ground, in the form of a cross. Roses white and roses red composed the body of the cross, and dainty white blossoms and green leaves formed the trimmings. In the center the word "Peace" was spelled out in rosebuds.

Everybody in the car admired the offering, and when the boy set it down on the floor all leaned forward to examine it more closely. At length one old gentleman stood up and readjusted his glasses in order to get a better look at it.

"That is a mighty pretty posy you've got there," he said. "Who, may I ask, is dead?"

The boy giggled.

"Nobody 'I know of,' he said. "This ain't for a funeral; it's for a wedding."

The old gentleman sat down heavily.

"Good Lord!" he said. "What idiot ever ordered 'Peace' inscribed on a wedding decoration?"

The rest of the passengers smiled, and many of them, being married, wondered as well, but nobody ventured an explanation.—New York Times.

Washington's Spring.

The fine chain that greets the eyes of a stranger alighting from the train at Cold Spring, a village resting snugly in the highlands of the Hudson, is Washington's spring, inclosed by three bowlders in the rough, which, as one approaches, are seen to contain a tiny pool of sparkling water. An inscription in relief upon the bronze plate announces that "General George Washington, in frequent visits to the American troops encamped near by during the war of the Revolution drank of this spring and gave it his name. Cold spring."

The encampments referred to were principally upon the famous Constitution Island, just below, to which was attached one end of the great chain which was stretched across the river to West Point and checked navigation by the British warships during the Revolution.

Nietzsche and the Invalid.

An invalid lady who often met Nietzsche found him the gentlest, kindest and most sympathetic of men. He implored her with tears in his eyes not to read his books. Such was his knowledge of women that he was thunderstruck to find shortly afterward that the lady at once proceeded to read them all. He was further stupefied by the discovery that, having read them, she was utterly unmoved by the philosopher's unanswerable demonstrations that feeble persons like herself had no right to live and that genius were distinguished by this, that and the other objectionable attribute. It must have been a blow to him.—London News.

With a String.

"Do you trust your husband implicitly?"

"What a question! Why, of course I do—to a certain extent."—Cleveland ...

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A little book of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be mailed *free* to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the Doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different schools of practice, it will be found that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but also for the cure of all catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompanied with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, lingering, or hang-on-coughs, and all those wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and persevere in its use until you give it a fair trial and it is not likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It *will* cure the affections that lead up to consumption, if *taken in time*.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 18, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Contrary to Webster's definition there is nothing cloudy or gloomy about that Nickel Plate representative, Chas. Lowery.—Potter Democrat.

—A house belonging to an Italian was blown up last Friday near Jamestown during the absence of the inmates. It is said to have been a Black Hand job.

—Undertaker E. I. Marsh has officiated within the past two weeks at the funerals of four persons whose combined ages was 373 years: Alfred Brundage, 91; Frances Morse, 89; William Spiller, 90; Mrs. Mary Barrett, 93. It is quite an unusual occurrence in a community of this size.—Eldred Eagle.

—A dispatch from Little Valley says: Otis Waldron of Ellicottville, recently arrested at Bradford has been indicted here by the grand jury for manslaughter in the second degree, it being claimed that he struck Arundah Keir with such force as to break the latter's jaw, and that death resulted. He pleaded not guilty, and bail was fixed at $1,000.

—Editor Godding of the Kane Republican has received an anonymous communication in which he is threatened with all kinds of vengence even to having vitrol thrown in his face on account of certain articles he has recently published relating to public affairs in that town. Better get a false face and a "slather gun" for protection, neighbor.

—The L. D. Ripple farm of 184 acres, located two miles from Austin, Pa. was sold to Frank Hann of Roulette, Pa.; The C. H. Baker farm of 304 acres located two miles from Ceres, Pa., was sold to C. W. Taylor of Turtle Point, Pa., and the E. E. Cook farm of 110 acres, located two miles north of Richburg, N. Y., was sold to A. J. Reed of Bolivar, through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, N. Y.

—A second letter has been received from Mrs. H. C. McFadden of Cincinnati, Ohio, says Friday's Olean Times, which seems to confirm beyond a doubt that she was married to Nelson Dresslor under the name of McFadden. She states that the news of his death was a great shock to her as she had no idea that he was leading the life he was, neither was she aware that his name was other than McFadden. The story of his double life was a revelation to her.

—The prospects for a fight between James J. Jefferies the undefeated heavy weight prize fighter, and Jack Johnson, the colored alleged world's champion, are not very bright.

—The auditors of Somerset county charge the retiring board of county commissioners and the board of poor directors with misappropriating the funds of the county and poor districts. It is said that in all, the sum amounts to over $8,000.

—A gas explosion occurred yesterday afternoon out on the Jo Jo road at one of the McDade gas wells, which destroyed part of the derrick and entirely destroyed the the boiler house and engine room. The explosion was caused by friction and the men working around the derrick barely escaped with their lives, one of them being quite badly burned about the hands. Thursday's Kane Republican.

—The postoffice is now after the secret fraternal societies and others who levy assessments. In years past it has been the custom of the secretaries to send out notices to members calling attention to their dues on a postal cards. The department has now discovered that it is nothing more than a dun and that it is a violation of the postal laws to send a dun on a postal card. Hereafter, all such notices must be sent by letter if sent at all, and several lodges sending such statements will be obliged to dig down and pay two cents instead of one.—Warren Times.

—A traveling man told a Southern Kansas editor of his experiences the other day. He said he was riding in the smoking car of an express train, reading his paper, when a man rushed in from a car behind the smoker, evidently in great agitation and said: "Has any one in the car any whiskey? A woman in the car behind has fainted." Instantly dozens of flasks were produced. The man who had asked for it, picked out the largest one, drew the cork and put the bottle to his lips with a loud satisfied sigh, he handed it back and remarked: "That did me a lot of good, I needed it, for it always makes me feel so queer to see a woman faint."

This is the most dangerous time of the year to catch cold, and it is the hardest time to cure it. If you should take cold a few doses of Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, will act very promptly. Its laxative principle cures the cold by driving it from the system by a gentle but natural action of the bowels. Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes so good, nearly like maple sugar. It is sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Read, Clermont.

CITY OF THE INSANE.

Happy and Honored "Guests" of the Inhabitants of Ghesl.

One of the most remarkable places in Europe, of which no tourist on pleasure bent ever takes notice, says a writer in a Berlin paper, is the "City of the Insane," by which name Gheel, near Antwerp, has been known for generations. About 1,500 men and women afflicted with insanity in all its forms live there and have a happy being as the "guests" of the inhabitants, who know by experience how to treat the unfortunate ones. In the streets, in the places of amusement, the cafes and workshops these patients may be found, and nowhere is there the remotest suggestion of restraint apparent. The board ranges from 240 to 2,400 marks a year, and, no matter how small the amount may be, the patient is always the favored member of the family. He has the first right to the most comfortable chair, and the head of the table belongs to him. He receives the most attention, and this he learns to appreciate and to endeavor to maintain by living down his illness. Even the children know how to treat the demented people. The dangerous ones are sent to another settlement and to institutions. It is wonderful how considerate, careful and kind the simple people are toward their charges, and a peep into the community would probably terrify physicians who had never heard of and could not appreciate the good which is being done in this "City of the Insane."

A RACE ON ICE.

The Skates That Got Away and Those That Were Recovered.

Thackeray once asked one of the men who let out skates on the Serpentine whether he had ever lost a pair through the omission to exact a deposit, and he replied that he had never done so, except on one occasion when the circumstances made it almost pardonable.

A well dressed young fellow was having his second skate fastened on when he suddenly broke away from the man's hands and dashed to the ice. The next instant a stalwart, powerful man was clamoring for another pair.

He was a detective in pursuit of his prey, and a very animating sight it was to watch the chase. He was, as he had boasted, a first rate skater, and it became presently obvious that he was running down his man.

Then the young fellow determined to run a desperate risk of liberty. The ice, as usual, under the bridge was marked "Dangerous," and he made for it at headlong speed. The ice bent beneath his weight, but he got safely through.

The sheriff's officer followed with equal pluck, but, being a heavier man broke through and was drowned.

"His skates," said the narrator of the incident, "I got back after the inquest, but those the young gentleman had on I never saw again."—London Telegraph.

The Salt Sea Legend.

There is a legend in the Norse sealds which explains why the sea is salt. The "bountiful Frodi," whose mythical reign was a golden age indeed, possessed a quern, or hand mill, which ground out gold and peace, but which would grind out stores of anything desired by its owner. Two giant maidens, ruled over by Frodi, were the grinders. In an evil day a sea rover came upon the scene, slew Frodi and carried off the quern and the two giant maidens who worked it. When the sea rover's vessel was right out at sea he ordered the maidens to grind salt. At midnight they asked if they had not ground enough. The sea rover, angry at being awakened from his sleep, commanded them to grind until morning. Now, the giant maidens naturally enough worked very quickly, so as they went on grinding the load of salt grew so heavy that it sank the ship, and now the sea will continue salt forever.

Looked Too Far.

There was an English farmer, a Somersetshire man, who once owned a telescope. The old man remarked to a friend at a local race meeting that the gentry nowadays had glasses for both eyes and added that he had had one once for one eye, a right good one it was, but now it was no use at all—no, not to nobody."

"Why not?" asked the friend.

"Well," he said, "it were a good one. I could see miles wi' en. I could see plain the steeple of the church five miles off. But missus' son John, he borrowed en, and he tried to see the steeple of t'other church, ten miles off—and tried and tried and couldn't. And that strained it, and it were never of no use any more—no, not to nobody."

A Troublesome Mirror.

"Mamma," said Flossie, "this old looking glass isn't any good."

"Why, what's the matter with it, dear?" asked her mother.

"Every time I try to look in it," explained Flossie, "my face gets in the way."

As a Corollary.

"Are marriages made in heaven?"

"As to that I can't say, but I do know this much."

"What's that, Peleg?"

"There's lots of courting done in church."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Didn't Get a Chance.

She—What did papa say when you asked him for my hand?

He—Why, he couldn't say a word.

"He couldn't?"

"No; your mother was there!"—Yonkers Statesman.

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VEST'S CAMPAIGN SPEECH.

Why a Small Boy Persisted To Hearing It Every Day.

"Senator Vest was making a buggy campaign in southeast Missouri some years ago," said a Missouri official. "His driver was a small boy, who was duly impressed with the importance of his distinguished passenger.

"At each town visited by Vest the boy hurried his team to a convenient livery barn and then raced for the courthouse, or wherever the 'speakin'' was to take place, and perched himself with painful regularity on the front seat. He invariably turned his eyes on the senator and took in every word of the speech as if his very life depended on it.

"Finally the lad's continued conspicuous presence among his auditors annoyed the senator, and he kindly but firmly reminded the boy that it was not necessary for him to attend every meeting.

"'I make the same speech each time. You have heard it often enough to know it by rote, so just put in your time in the future looking after the team,' he admonished his youthful driver.

"Despite the senator's objection, the boy was again in the front seat the next day and the following day. This enraged Vest, and he thundered:

"'Why do you persist in always occupying that front seat? Didn't I tell you I make the same speech every day? It's as old and stale to you as it is to me. Why insist on hearing it again and again?'

"'I want to see what you're going to do when you forgit it,' answered the boy. Vest capitulated."—St. Louis Republic.

THE ELEPHANT FLEET.

How It Is Used by the British Government in India.

Its elephant fleet is one of the strangest and most deadly departments maintained by the British government in India. It is a large fleet of coasting steamers specially built for the transport of elephants. India's population is one-fifth that of the entire globe. All these people use elephants. They use them for draft work and for tiger hunting, and in the arenas of the native states they even pit them against one another and against wild beasts. The elephant fleet transfers the animals from place, the trapping and training headquarters, to the various districts whence comes the demand.

To get an elephant aboard ship is a difficult and dangerous task. The animal must wade through the surf to a stout raft, and this unknown surf, so white and tumultuous, often terrifies and maddens him. If in his fury he slaughters a mahout or two he cannot be greatly blamed. Once on the raft, his legs are tied to pegs, and the slow sail to the ship is uneventful. But now a great band must be arranged under the elephant's belly, and a crane must hoist him up some twenty or thirty feet to the deck. Here again the elephant cannot be set down as intractable if, losing his head in that unprecedented aerial journey, he murders some more mahouts. Very prosperous, albeit stained a little with mahouts' blood, the elephant fleet for many years has plied up and down the Indian coast, embarking and disembarking its heavy, unmanageable freight.—New York Press.

The Appreciation of Music.

If we would appreciate music aright we must remember that its beauty depends not upon the composer alone, but upon ourselves also. Deep calls unto deep, and the harmony of sound, though appealing primarily to the outward ear, must be answered by a harmony from within ourselves. The more culture we bring to the hearing of music, the wider our sympathy, the more exquisite will be the echoes which it awakens in the soul. If we would understand the composer's message we must co-operate with him. We must reach out to him with all our faculties. If we do that, the revelation of music will ceaselessly renew its beauty, ever turning unimagined aspects to gladden us.—Redfern Mason in Atlantic.

An Ugly Looking Lizard.

Among the lizards of Australia the "thorny devil" (Moloch horridus) is unrivaled in its ugliness. From the tip of its nose to the end of its tail this lizard is covered with tubercles and spines, but in spite of its dangerous appearance it is quite harmless. It measures about seven inches in length. It has a flat body, a small head and a cylindrical tail. It frequents sandy places, feeds largely on ants and is more or less diurnal in habits. Its powerful limbs are furnished with strong claws, which it uses in digging the sand, in which it often lies wholly or partially buried.

Defined.

"What is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?" asked a young lady of her fiance.

"Firmness," was his gallant reply, "is a noble characteristic of women; obstinacy is a lamentable defect in men!"

Her Eyes Opened.

Scribbler—She isn't writing any more articles on how to manage a husband. Scrawler—No; she knows better now. She's married.—Philadelphia Record.

Enough Said.

Visitor—What part of prison life is the hardest to put up with? Convict—The visitors.—Judge.

In great attempts it is glorious even to fail.—Longinus.

No Mystery This Time.

Mr. Popp—By gosh, for once in my life I know where my cuff links are, Mrs. P.—Where are they now? Mr. P.—The baby's swallowed 'em!—Cleveland Leader.

It is all right to vote for the country's prosperity, but you must work for your own.—Atchison Globe.

A WARSHIP'S RAM.

The Huge Steel Beak Is Capable of Inflicting Terrible Injury.

A modern ram is nothing more than a huge steel beak, or spur, which is fitted to the prow of the battleship for the purpose of destroying an enemy's ship in time of war by the force of collision. Indeed, should a vessel succeed in driving her ram against another warship the blow, if delivered at full speed, would be sufficient to crush in the ship's side and sink her immediately.

A battleship's ram weighs about forty tons and is cast all in one piece. It is of solid steel and capable of striking a tremendous blow. Shell proof a man-of-war may be made, but the skill of the naval architect is unequal to the task of designing a ship that can resist the ram.

Great care must be exercised in fixing such a heavy piece of steel. The method generally adopted is as follows: The ram is suspended from a strong derrick, the bottom end of which is attached to the extreme end of the vessel's keel plates. The gap between the ram and the uncompleted part, or hull, is walled tight compartments. The weapon is so fixed that it strikes just below the armored belt where resistance is weakest, while it is so shaped that the ramming vessel can by reversing her engines easily disentangle herself from the ship she has struck.—Philadelphia Record.

The Word "Person."

General Benjamin F. Butler, it is said, once asserted that a woman was not a "person," and a London suffragette insists that the word "person" in its legal sense includes woman. The word has had an interesting history. Signifying by etymology something to make a sound through, the Latin "persona" began by meaning an actor's mask with its mouthpiece. Then it meant the character represented by the player—"dramatis personae." Then it came to mean the part or character one sustains in real life, and so the "persona ecclesiae," the man who represented the church, became known as a "person" in a special sense and was eventually spelled as "parson." On the other hand, "person" faded away to mean just anybody. And so, though a woman naturally resents being referred to as a "person" in ordinary talk, many women no less naturally desire to count as "persons" in the eye of the franchise law.—Chicago News.

Bishop Butler's Generosity.

So many examples of episcopal cupidity have been cited of late that the average reader may be excused for believing the bishop of a century or so ago to have been an incarnation of greed. But against the Luxmores, the Watsons and the Portcouses may be set the saintly Butler, whose "Analogy" is still used as a text book for clerical examinations. Butler kept open house at Durham, where he dispensed hospitality with a lavish hand. On one occasion a man called at the palace soliciting a subscription for some charitable object. "How much money is there in the house?" asked Butler of his secretary. The secretary after investigation replied that there was £500. "Give it to him, then," replied the philosopher bishop, "for it is a shame that a bishop should have so much."—London Chronicle.

His Occupation.

A big, brawny fellow in answer to a question in a justice's court as to what he did for a living said:

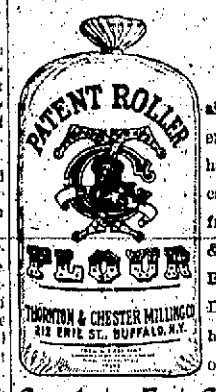
"Well, sir, in the spring I ketches an' sells young mockin' birds, in the summer I mostly sells rattlesnake buttons for rattles for the babies, but in the winter I sometimes has to chop wood."—Atlanta Constitution.

Enlarging the Limit.

"You are very foolish, Alfred. That is your third cigar, and you know the doctor limited you to one a day."

"Yes, dear, but I've consulted two other doctors, and each has allowed me one cigar a day; total, three!"

Tastes Like More



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The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

The Smethport Weekly Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday March 18, 1909.

JUST plain Theodore Roosevelt is holding down a job now in the editorial department of the Outlook Magazine.

The great railroad king, E. H. Harriman, says that times are getting better and that they will continue to improve until we have another era of great prosperity with us.

It is now claimed that William O. Howard, who has just been sentenced to life imprisonment for killing his wife, is the real murderer of Governor William Goebel of Kentucky.

The people of Sweden are very much wrought up over the fact that their King has appeared at a ball in a colored dress coat, and his "unheard of, gorgeousness" is being severely criticised by the press as well as his subjects.

BEFORE Judge Holt in the federal court Monday morning the Press Publishing company, The New York World, pleaded guilty to the charge of having libeled the government in the publication of the alleged scandals in the purchase of the French rights to the Panama canal.

AMBASSADOR WHITE will lose his job at the French capital because he was impolite to Mr. and Mrs. Taft many years ago when they were on their honeymoon trip and the Tafts were just plain folks. It is well. Anyone who will not treat his fellow-countrymen cordially in a strange land is not the right kind of a man to hold down an ambassador's position.

MCKEAN county has a candidate for the position of United States District Attorney for this district in the person of Fred D. Gallup, chairman of the Republican county committee, of Smethport. Mr. Gallup is among McKean county's prominent attorneys and has all the qualifications for the position and the Republican hopes that he will receive the desired appointment.—Kane Republican.

JOSEPH PETROSINO, a famous Italian detective of New York city, was shot and instantly killed at Palermo, Italy, on Saturday. Petrosino according to dispatches had been sent to Italy by the New York police department to gather evidence against the leaders of the Black Hand, who are believed to have their headquarters in Italy and who conduct operations throughout the world from a central office. The police say Petrosino was murdered for certain papers he had in his possession, correspondence between Black Hand headquarters and its New York agents. Although his slayers are not known at present every effort will be made to bring them to justice.

HON. R. W. HILTON presented two bills in the House last week as follows: An act to provide for the taking of testimony of witnesses on behalf of defendants in criminal cases, to be read in evidence at the trial in any of the criminal courts of this Commonwealth, when such witness may reside beyond the limits of the Commonwealth, but within the United States, and providing for the costs and expenses of same. An act providing that no commission shall be allowed to county treasurers for receiving and disbursing moneys returned to the county by the Commonwealth, which were collected by the county for the use of the Commonwealth, and upon which the treasurer has already received a commission.

THE rumor that there is danger of taking the tariff off oil has created a good deal of uneasiness in this county and the Bradford Star-Record of Saturday uses the following timely editorial, which so thoroughly explains the situation that we reprint it:

The tariff on oil directly benefits every producer, driller, pumper, farmer, lumber dealer, dealer in oil well supplies and rig builder in Bradford and McKean county.

There is a danger that this important oil tariff clause in paragraph 626 of the Dingley tariff bill will be repealed.

To put oil on the free list would be a serious financial blow to every man interested directly or indirectly in the oil business and to every merchant and and working man of this city and county.

The danger is close at hand for congress will meet next week in special session to revise the tariff schedules.

The time is short in which to bring every pressure of argument by numbers and persuasion to bear upon our representatives in congress and the United States senate to prevent the proposed repeal of the tariff on oil.

The Star-Record believes this question is more important to Bradford just at this time than any other claiming its attention.

Every producer, no matter how small his production, every driller, pumper, rig builder and refiner; every merchant and manufacturer; every city official and municipal commercial organization, including the Business Men's association, the Board of Trade and city councils; every bank, building and loan and other financial institutions; every professional man and publisher; every dealer in oil well supplies and explosives; every employe of every interest mentioned above, should immediately send a personal communication to United States Senators Boies Penrose and George T. Oliver and to Congressman C. F. Barclay in Washington, D. C., urging them to do all in their power to prevent the repeal of the tariff on oil.

These men are ready and willing to help in every way, but they need your urgent requests to back them up in their contentions.

Get busy now and see to it that no stone is left unturned in keeping this tariff on oil and thereby prevent a serious depreciation in all values of oil and oil interests and investments; which would affect every property owner and merchant in Bradford and throughout oil sections.

The mayor and city councils should act promptly in exerting their influence against this repeal of the tariff on oil and the Bradford Business Men's association and the Board of Trade should pass strong resolutions protesting against it and so notify our representatives at the national capital.

Similar protests should also be sent from Kane, Smethport, Port Allegany, Eldred, Mt. Jewett and throughout the county.

Both as organizations and individuals our people should act at once before it is too late.

The movement to put oil on the free list is a formidable one and calls for our best efforts to prevent it.

To permit Mexico's vast oil production to be brought into our country free would shut down every well in the border states and practically paralyze the operations and market in Kansas and Oklahoma.

Its effect would quickly reach us here in a serious menace to our oil and property values.

Give this your immediate attention; get at it and keep at it until this attack on our business and commercial prosperity is thwarted permanently.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The fact that Senator Aldrich, chairman of the finance committee and who will have charge of the tariff bill in the Senate, has booked passage for Europe for the middle of June next, is considered most significant and as a new tariff law is to be availed by the Republican leaders. Senator Scott of West Virginia has proposed a plan which may be adopted and which will, in his estimation, dispose of the tariff in the most expeditious manner. His idea is to have a resolution offered in the Senate making on the tariff question as a basis for any number of speeches and thus bringing the measure up for discussion in the Senate at the same time that it is under consideration in the House.

The members of the ways and means committee are having a hard time of it in their efforts to frame up a bill that will meet all requirements. They are in receipt of large numbers of protests against the tax on sugar, a very lively agitation has been started to increase the proposed duty on lumber from $1. to $1.50; and they are obliged to choose between an increase of tax on beer or of placing a duty on coffee. Members of both houses of Congress are urging the reimposition of some of the Spanish-American war taxes, such as the 2-cent stamp on checks, telegrams, etc., as the only means by which the additional revenue can be raised necessary to make the annual income of the government approximate the annual expenditure. This question has received some serious attention on the Senate side, and while there is no purpose to re enact all of the stamp taxes, the claim is made that some of them could be imposed again without burdening the ordinary consumer and without injuring those lines of business engaged in by the great mass of the people. The revenue on stamps alone during the three full years during which the war taxes were in operation, averaged about $41,000,000 annually, and that on legacies in 1901 aggregated $5,311,899.

The interstate commerce commission has just announced a decision in the effect that it is unlawful for railroads so to adjust their rate schedules as to force commodities into a particular city or port. The case was that of the chamber of commerce of Milwaukee against the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroads, in which the commission held that the joint through rate on corn, rye and oats from the west and northwest to Milwaukee ought not to exceed such rate to Chicago.

Again the subject of the restoration of marines aboard ships of war has come up for discussion at the Navy Department. Secretary Meyer says it is his intention to observe the letter and the spirit of the law, which becomes operative on July 1st, and under which the appropriations for the navy are to be withheld unless the marines are given sea duty. Already steps have been taken looking to the distribution of the marines among the various ships and the Secretary explains that, in referring the question to the Attorney General, to determine its constitutionality, his only desire was to avoid any possible difficulty in the Comptroller's office.

The Secretary of the Navy has given directions for a radical change in the battle practice of warships. This new order provides that the conditions under which the practice is held, shall be similar to those likely to obtain in time of war, so far as possible, and to that end the ships, in the future, are required to manoeuver in rough water in the open and fire at a moving target.

One of the first acts of Secretary Dickinson, the new Secretary of War, will be the selection of the military court of inquiry, provided for by the Foraker act for the investigation of the cases of the enlisted men, negroes, of Companies B, C and D of the 25th infantry, discharged without honor by President Roosevelt on account of the disturbance at Brownsville, Texas, in August, 1906. President Taft has already called for and received from the War Department a list of retired army officers above the rank of lieutenant colonel deemed eligible for service in the court, and there is every indication that it will be organized without much delay. As President Taft desires that each case shall be decided on its merits, he will select for membership on the court officers who are free from suspicion of bias in their judgment of the negro soldier. The court must complete its work, under the law, within one year from the date of appointment, and as there are about 160 men affected, it has plenty of work ahead of it.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Mar. 13, 1909:

Leon V. Cass, I. P. Hall, Willis Hudson (2), Mrs. Geo. McAneny, E. J. Schuster & Co. (4), G. A. Zuur.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. O. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Free Tuition.

Governor Stuart has signed the Normal School Deficiency Bill which provides for free tuition for students attending Normal Schools. This will be cheering news to the thousands of young people throughout the State who are in attendance at these institutions of learning.

Information.

Homeseekers, tourists, investors. Complete, accurate and unbiased information in regard to mines, mining, homesteads, timber, timber claims, farms, ranches, real estate, products, industries, wages, business, hunting, fishing, sports, climate, travel, touring and anything else of interest, anywhere west of the Rocky Mts., furnished, upon receipt of $1.00. Anywhere in the world upon request. We have no interest but to serve you. INTERNATIONAL INFORMATION BUREAU, Dept. X, 711A Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

For Rent—My farm, (formerly occupied by Patrick McCabe, deceased) on Prospect Hill. 52 acres under cultivation good land and nearly all on the level; good orchard and sugar bush; house plumbed with natural gas; rent reasonable. Mary E. Kingsley, Salamanca, N. Y.

Horses for Sale.

10 horses for sale drivers and workers. Inquire of J. T. Edwards at the fair grounds or of A. T. Palmer at Palmer's Livery, 201 Water street, Smethport.

The best known pills and the best pills made are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They are small, easy to take, gentle and certain, and are sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

The tuition to students over 17 years of age who expect to teach is free at Edinboro Normal. Write for catalog.

JOHN F. BIGLER, Prin.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Psalm of Life—Continued.

"Trust not in the hidden future,
Let the dead past bury its dead.
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

Act at once for the benefit of your purse. Buy your stationery, toilet articles, candy, pocket books, combs and brushes at the store where they keep the best at the most reasonable price.

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Complete Saw Mill For Sale At Half Price.

We offer for sale a complete saw mill with mill structure and three log decks located near Rushford, N. Y. 35 h. p. boiler, 25 h. p. engine, gang edger, lath mill, 24 inch planer, gumming machine, bull wheel, 35 feet heavy line shafting, new belts, sawdust elevators, nogger head, cutoff saw and two circular saws. Mill will cut 12,000 feet per day and is offered for half price, only $800. Cash or bankable paper.

HERRICK AGENCY
Bolivar, N. Y.

E-709

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

Administrator's Sale.

Estate of Emma J. Roeder, deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, the undersigned administratrix of said decedent will expose at public sale, at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 30th day of March, A. D. 1909, at 11 o'clock a. m., of that day, the following described messuage and tract of land.

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning in the centre of the highway leading up Digel Hollow at the northeast corner of the Thomas Carnelwin farm; and southeast corner of Keating lot No. 10; thence west 10.6 perches to a post corner; thence south 50 degrees west 31.4 perches to a post corner; thence north 36 degrees west 80.2 perches to a post corner; thence east 87 perches to the centre of said highway; thence along said highway south 48 degrees east 10.2 perches, and south 10.8 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 13.8 acres, be the same more or less, and being part of Keating lots Nos. 10 and 18, and part of Warrant No. 3935.

The eastern part of said premises having been conveyed to the said Emma J. Roeder by H. W. Roeder by deed dated May 22nd, 1883, recorded in deed book Vol. No. 48, at page 238, and the western part thereof having been conveyed to Juliana C. Roeder by Thomas Goodwin and wife by deed dated April 17th, 1893, recorded in deed book Vol. No. 10, page 440, and by the said Juliana C. Roeder devised to the said Emma J. Roeder.

The said tract of land being all improved and well watered and having thereon a 30x40 frame barn and several fruit trees.

Terms of sale: One-third of the purchase price down at time of sale, and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.

LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
Lath and Shingles
General Planing Mill Work
H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
EASTER EXCURSION
$10.00 From SMETHPORT
TO
ATLANTIC CITY
CAPE MAY
WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY OR OCEAN CITY
NEW JERSEY
THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1909
Tickets good on trains leaving at 10:11 A. M. and 5:27 P. M. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points
STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA
allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent
Tickets good to return within fifteen days.
EASTER SUNDAY on the BOARDWALK
Full information of Ticket Agents
J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia

NEW SPRING SHIRTS | NEW SPRING HATS

GENTLEMEN

We are ready for your Spring selections. The finest line of piece goods we have ever shown and prices that will surely appeal to you. A fit guaranteed.

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

...BUY...
Lowney's Confectionery
—AT—
McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrel, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.

Equipped like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Hook" just issued. 176 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 2 stamps postage.

42 Willow St. The Marlin Firearms Co. New Haven, Conn.

Better Not Get Dyspepsia

If you can help it. Kodol prevents Dyspepsia, by effectually helping Nature to Relieve Indigestion. But don't trifle with Indigestion.

A great many people who have trifled with indigestion, have been sorry for it—when nervous or chronic dyspepsia resulted, and they have not been able to cure it.

Use Kodol and prevent having Dyspepsia.

Everyone is subject to indigestion. Stomach derangement follows stomach abuse, just as naturally and just as surely as a sound and healthy stomach results upon the taking of Kodol.

When you experience sourness of stomach, belching of gas and nauseating fluid, bloated sensation, gnawing pain in the pit of the stomach, heart, burn (so-called), diarrhoea, headaches, dullness or chronic tired feeling—you need Kodol. And then the quicker you take Kodol—the better. Eat what you want, let Kodol digest it.

Ordinary pepsin "dyspepsia tablets," physics, etc., are not likely to be of much benefit to you, in digestive ailments. Pepsin is only a partial digester—and physics are not digesters at all.

Kodol is a perfect digester. If you could see Kodol digesting every particle of food, of all kinds, in the glass test-tubes in our laboratories, you would know this just as well as we do.

Nature and Kodol will always cure a sick stomach—but in order to be cured, the stomach must rest. That is what Kodol does—rests the stomach, while the stomach gets well. Just as simple as A, B, C.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say, that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist for the bottle. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Bee Supplies.----

We want all Beekeepers in this vicinity to send to us for 1909 Root catalogue, complete with prices. We carry in stock a large assortment of most salable goods. Buy near at home and get prompt and satisfactory service. Best of goods at right prices.

BARD & CHENEY,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held at the usual place of holding elections in the School District of the Borough of Smethport, Pa., on Saturday, April 3rd, 1909, between the hours of 7 o'clock a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of obtaining the assent of the electors of said School District to an increase of its indebtedness.

The amount of the last assessed valuation is $511,230.00
The amount of the existing debt is.. 10,400.00
The proposed increase is 12,000.00
The percentage of the proposed increase is .0235

The debt is to be increased for the purpose of building a new building for school purposes.

NOTE. This proposed increase is in place of an increase of $8,000.00 authorized in 1907 but never made.

D. C. YOUNG, President.

Attest:
F. D. GALLUP, Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., March 2, 1909.

The LINDHOLM COMPANY,

SMETHPORT, PA.

IN PRESENTING to our patrons the Spring Styles in our Suit and Coat department we feel that we are prepared to meet your wants with assortments and varieties to suit every individual taste.

With each succeeding season we have increased the volume of our business in ready-to-wear garments and this allows us to cater more largely to our patrons.

Selections have been made from manufacturers who can be depended upon to produce right styles at right prices.

We are convinced that all the materials, linings and trimmings on our garments will give proper wear, and we cheerfully add our guarantee to that of the manufacturer, that this can be depended upon in all our lines.

We ask you to inspect the Spring Garments now here and note the beautiful new cloths and the proper shades.

SUITS AT

$17.50, 19.00, 22.00, 25.00, 27.50, 30.00, 35.00

Spring styles of Patrician Oxfords now ready for you

CHI-NAMEL LEE,
A BOLD CHINEE,
Is looking for the trade,
you see;
His goods are great,
And sure as fate
He'll demonstrate
Chi-Namel's great utility.

Why can he do this? CHI-NAMEL is a varnish made to walk upon. It does not mar; it goes farther; lasts longer; water has no effect upon it; it is beautiful in color and gloss; in fact, it has every quality that you would demand in a varnish, either clear or colored.

A trial can will convince you.
Chinese Wood Oil does it.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
The Ohio Varnish Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY

DALY & GARLICK,

Hamilton Block

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 18, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Oscar Engstrom has a new grocery advertisement this week.

—Daly & Garlick have an interesting advertisement on this page.

—Do not neglect to read the advertisement of Fry & Comes in this issue.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield on Monday, March 15, 1909, a girl.

—The window glass factory at Coudersport will start operations on April 1.

—The candy and fruit store of Joe Luezzi was closed by the constable on Tuesday.

—The Smethport schools were closed yesterday and the teachers visited the Olean schools.

—Scott F. Redfield has just completed his garage in the rear of his residence on West Main street.

—Manager Clark assures us that we are to have some very good attractions at the Lyceum after Lent.

—Born on Friday, March 12, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Otto, at Lrrabee, a daughter. All doing nicely.

—The ladies of St. Luke's Guild will hold a cooked food sale at the Parish House, Saturday March 20. Sale begins at 2:30.

—The MINER starts printing Redfield's Stamp Weekly this week, which will add considerably to the business of this office.

—The members of the Travellers' Club will serve tea at their club house Saturday afternoon. All are invited. Tea ten cents.

—A Bradford bowling team at the National Bowling Tournament at Pittsburg made a good showing on Tuesday. The score of the five-man team for three games was 2,528.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Cramsie take this method of thanking the people who showed them so many kindnesses and rendered them so much aid during the long illness of their son, Paul.

—The Central Club billiard and pool tables have been thoroughly repaired and are now in excellent condition for use of members.

—There will be no meeting of the W. C. T. U. Saturday, March 20, as announced. Notice will be given later of the next meeting.

—Port Allegany promises to have a fast amateur baseball team this summer. Now is the time for Smethport to start the good work along.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Dibble wish to thank the people of East Smethport who so kindly assisted them during the last illness of their daughter, Miss May.

—There's one fellow that always gets business by advertising—that's the sheriff. If you don't want the sheriff to advertise you'r business, advertise it yourself.

—H. C. Bemis of Bradford has a lumber advertisement in this issue which will interest all who need that commodity. This is a reliable concern and one that can be depended on to furnish good materials.

—A burglar was captured in the home of A. G. McComb at Olean last Saturday night by the police. Mr. McComb and family, who are well known in Smethport, were in Cleveland at the time. The burglar refuses to give his name or any clue to his identity.

—If the present plans of the Pennsylvania Railroad are carried out, Kane will suffer quite a setback. The plan is to run heavy freight trains from Emporium around by Olean to Warren to avoid the Kane hill. This would remove many train crews now located at Kane.

—As soon as spring opens the borough council should lose no time in having the sidewalks of this borough rebuilt and repaired. Our citizens have put up uncomplainingly with bad walks for nearly a year on account of the paving and now they should be rewarded with good walks as early as possible.

—"The Mummy and the Humming Bird" will be the next attraction at the Lyceum. This unusually strong drama was presented here about two years ago and made a decided hit with the theatre goers of this place. We understand it is to be presented by the No. 1 company and this should insure a crowded house.

—Bert Carr and Tony Stuk were arrested yesterday on a charge of stealing two axes and a cross-cut saw from Orlo Cory of Keating township. At a hearing before Justice Gleason they were discharged.

—The Dunkirk high school has a new secret fraternity which brands its members on the cheek with a hot iron and the parents of the victims at least are not thoroughly in accord with the workings of this organization.

—The St. Patrick's night dance given at the Lyceum by the management was attended by upwards of forty couples who enjoyed the event to its fullest extent until a late hour. Chadwick's orchestra furnished inspiring music for the occasion.

—Robert E. Morrissey, aged 29 years, of Hornell, was probably fatally injured at about 11 a. m. Monday when he fell in trying to board a moving freight train near the Erie depot, this city. He was removed to the Olean General Hospital, where this afternoon he is reported to be resting quietly. His condition is extremely precarious.—Olean Herald.

—Edward Payson Weston, the world's famous walker who is about 65 years of age, started from New York on Monday to walk to San Francisco, Cal. He expects to cover the route of over 4000 miles in 100 days. His route through the East is from New York to Buffalo, to Pittsburg, to Chicago, and he will pass through this section about Sunday or Monday on his way from Buffalo to Pittsburg although it is not known just what route he will take.

—Robert Nichols killed himself at Granite, Ill., on Sunday by taking carbolic acid. His reason was the death of his brother and his brother's sweetheart, both of whom killed themselves. Miss Beryl Somers shot herself, on March 3, because her father had forbade her keeping company with John Nichols. Two days later John killed himself because of her death. Robert also loved the girl but had kept it a secret because of his brother's love for her.

—Major William N. Sage, aged 81 years, died at his home in Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, the cause of his death being paralysis. He survived his wife only two weeks. The deceased was a former well-known resident of Red Rock, this county. Mr. Sage is survived by three sons, E. B. Sage of Red Rock, Jeffrey Sage of South Dakota and Major William H. Sage of Vancouver, B. C., and one daughter, Miss Edith A. Sage of Washington, D. C.

—Salvatore Randazzio of Salamanca, was put to death in the electric chair at Auburn Tuesday morning for killing his cousin, Pietro Randazzio, in Cattaraugus county in January, 1908. Before going to the chair, Randazzio said: "I am not alone guilty. Silvio Baretta planned and took a greater part in the killing than I. He got off because he gave the interpreter $200 to misrepresent the facts. Not being able to speak English I did not know what he was saying against me." Randazzio had to be carried to the chair, collapsing as the time neared.

—A correspondent to the Emporium Press explodes the theory held by many that gas companies pump air into their lines when the gas pressure is low. He explains that gas and air will not mix in a line and be combustable and if it was tried they would within twenty-four hours asphyxiate or blow up seven-eights of their consumers and the subsequent damage suits would ruin such a concern beyond all hope of recovery. We have heard such statements made by people in this vicinity and we publish this to show that their theory is utterly groundless.

—The Wilkes-Barre police are advertising for a man by the name of C. E. Perkins, and who claims to represent the Warren Specialty Co., of Warren, Pa. When he arrives in a town he proceeds to advertise for agents to sell soap and is kept quite busy by those answering his advertisement. He then leaves the place, forgetting to pay his hotel bill. The police give the following description of him: He is about five feet ten inches in height; weight, one hundred ninety-five pounds; stocky build; light brown eyes, round face and clear complexion; wears a soft brown hat with dark brown band, low crown, brown clothes and heavy brown Scotch overcoat. Any information given as to his whereabouts will be much appreciated by the Wilkes Barre police at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

—The Smethport High School Basketball team went over to Port Allegany last Friday night to battle with a similar team of that place for supremacy along these lines and what we can learn about it, Port Allegany did them good and plenty. Although we have made several inquiries as to the final result we are still in the dark regarding the score. From the best information we have been able to get, the final score was ninety-some to some and from that we assume that our boys were beaten by about ninety. Previous to this our High School team has been able to make it interesting for all opponents and either Port Allegany must have by far the fastest teams in this section or our boys played like a lot of Chinese idols. The High School crowd is very reticent about giving any details, so great is their humiliation.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. J. C. Backus was a Bradford visitor Friday.

Roy Stark is home from Bradford on account of illness.

Enos Southwick of Pittsburg is visiting friends in town.

J. M. Hilton of Bradford was in town on business yesterday.

Louis Dickenson was a Bradford visitor the first of the week.

James R. Foote spent Sunday with friends in Port Allegany.

John Haley, Jr., left Tuesday for the home of his parents at DeGolia.

Foster Studholme of Olean was visiting friends in town last Thursday.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence was an Olean visitor this week, returning to-day.

Dr. Evan O'Neil-Kane of Kane was in town on professional business yesterday.

W. J. Milliken of Bradford was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday.

Ralph B. Burdick and Orlo J. Hamlin were business visitors in Olean last Thursday.

Mrs. J. V. McAlpin left Monday for an extended visit with friends in Cheming, N. Y.

N. Harry Knapp left for Kane this morning where he will enter the hospital for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Marve Reed of Olean were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Nourse last week.

Miss Jennie Moran of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield.

Mrs. L. Steinhauer and Mrs. H. W. Roedyr of Farmers Valley were the guests of friends in town Friday.

Mrs. Sarah Burke left for her home at Eldred on Friday, after a short visit with her daughter, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus.

Mrs. C. B. Corwin and Mrs. H. F. Grabe and daughter, Pauline, left Tuesday for a short visit with Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Urban of Bradford.

Mrs. Gordon Studholme and daughter Margaret, have returned to their home in Port Allegany, after a visit with Mrs. Studholme's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder

We say without hesitation that DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are unequaled for weak kidneys, backache, inflammation of the bladder and all urinary disorders. They are antiseptic, and act promptly in all cases of weak back, backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains. Accept no substitute. We sell and recommend them. H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

If you need a pill take DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Insist on them; gentle, easy, pleasant little liver pills. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport and F.H. Reed Clermont.

WM. MONHEIMER.

YOU CAN HAVE

a $12.50 or $13.50 SUIT—
(Coat, Pants & Vest)

For $5.50

if you can wear a 33 or 34 (chest measure). These are the only sizes we have left from our splendid fall line of WORSTED Suits. The same Suits, in larger sizes, we closed out recently at $10, and there being no other sizes than 33 and 34 left, we close these Suits at $5.50.

MONHEIMER'S.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

FINE UNDERMUSLINS

A new lot of "Reed make" Undermuslins for Spring and Summer has just arrived.

We want you to see them while they are crisp and fresh—just as the covers came off the boxes.

"Reed" Underwear is so much better than ordinary sorts that you owe it to yourself to make it yours at once.

Excellent materials, fine trimmings, roomy garments, latest designs, are so combined here as to make the "Reed" underwear the best possible obtainable.

Corset Covers	25c to $1.50	Chemise	$1 to $3.50
Skirts	50c to $3.75	Drawers	25c to $1.50
	Gowns 50c to $3.50.		

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THORNTON & CHESTER

Searchlight, Acme, White Lilly,

Pie and Cake Flour.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

EASTER NOVELTIES

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

When you buy canned goods you want the best.

Our "Springville Brand" is unsurpassed.

One trial will convince you

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

I have removed my stock of merchandise into the D. C. Young store building where I expect to continue business; and shall be pleased to greet my old customers as well as welcome new ones.

Special low prices still continue on millinery, coats, skirts, shirt waists and all wool goods.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

When Betty Was Lost.

By LULU JOHNSON

Copyrighted, 1900, by Associated Literary Press.

Strang, sitting in his big touring car watched with lazy interest the tiny figure of the child toiling up the hill. He was fond of children, all sorts and varieties, but there was an elfin daintiness about this independent young wayfarer that appealed most particularly to him.

She could not be more than five, yet she carried herself with a knowing little air that belied her timid eyes and her rosy, quivering mouth, while her smart frock and fetching hat indicated comfortable circumstances.

He forgot that Danvers was half an hour late for their appointment. He even neglected to think about a certain girl whose image for the past week had filled his thoughts almost constantly.

To his dismay, as the child was opposite him she sat down upon the steps of a high stooped house and began to cry, not loudly and with a wild display of grief, but quietly, as if she sought to keep back the tears that trickled down her cheeks.

In an instant Strang was out of the car and knelt on the stoop beside her, seeking to learn the cause of her grief.

"I guess I'm losted," was the plaintive reply, "an' there isn't any police man to find me."

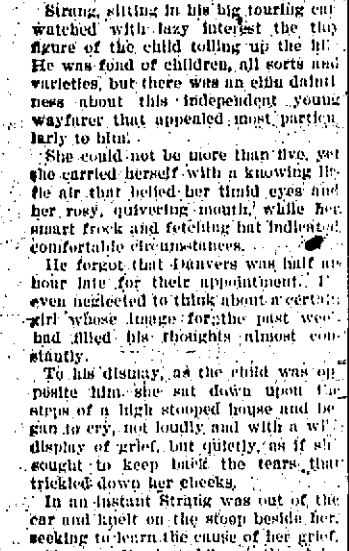
"Perhaps I'm as good as a police man," he suggested as, with a shudder, he thought of this dainty child spending the day in some dingy police station. "How were you lost, and where do you live?"

"I was wi' mavver," was the baffling explanation. "She comed in on the trolley, an' when we changed, I was losted, an' then I tried to find Aunt Mollie's, an' I guess she's losted too, I can't find her either."

"Where do you live? In the country?" he asked hopefully. If they used any particular trolley it might be easy to trace her people.

"On the gween trolley," assented the child. "We live way out, most to where they stop."

"I guess we can find you then," declared Sidney cheerfully. "You jump into my car and I'll take you out along the line. We're sure to see the place then. Is your house right on the line of the cars?"



SIDNEY DECIDED THAT SHE WAS THE "AUNT MOLLIE."

"No, we has to walk a dood lot," said the child.

"But you'll remember the corner where you took the car?" urged Strang. And this time she nodded an assent.

Only one suburban line boasted green cars. These ran out to Mount Holly, a distance of eighteen miles. By following along the road, which for the greater part of the way paralleled the tracks, he probably would enable the child to get her bearings.

She was old enough to recognize a familiar neighborhood even if she was too young to be able to call the suburb by name.

He made her comfortable in the seat beside him, and presently they were whizzing through the side streets toward the open country. Sidney forgot all about the belated Danvers, but he could not quite forget about the girl who had been haunting his memory. As they rushed along her image came back afresh to him.

Somehow the child with her flower-like face reminded him tantalizingly of that older girl whom he had seen sitting in a box at the theater a week before.

Strang had questioned several of his friends between acts, but no one seemed to know her, and he had spent his leisure time since then in trying to find some trace of her.

He was not permitted to enjoy his thoughts long, for the child soon forgot her troubles in the delight of riding, and her very evident pleasure delighted Sidney, who even dared arrest to let the speed out another notch when the child begged to go faster.

But when they had come to the end of the line and she had not recognized any familiar landmark the situation turned serious.

Perhaps even now a hysterical mother might be clamoring at the police station for her child, and a general alarm sent out at once might cause him to be apprehended. With an anxious face he turned to the child for a suggestion, and she self possessed little one promptly replied:

"We might look for Aunt Mollie. She lives close where you found me. She can tell where I live. If you stop where the cars stop you can get to her place from there."

Sidney Strang accepted the suggestion thankfully, and after treating the shivering child to hot soup he headed the car for town.

He sent it along at the best speed built, wondering how he would explain this semi-abduction should the police have been warned.

He breathed more freely when they entered the city again, and presently they were at the transfer point for suburban trolleys. From her seat in the car the child seemed able to pick up her landmarks, and presently, sighing with regret, she pointed to a house which she declared to be her aunt's. Sidney drew to the curb and alighted to lift the little traveler down.

"It was a terrible nice ride," she declared. "I wisht I lived miles an' miles an' miles away."

Sidney scarcely echoed the wish, but he patted the cheek that was offered for his caress and turned to climb into the car.

At this instant he heard an exclamation of surprise and turned to look into the glowing eyes of the rosy girl he wanted to know, the girl of the box party.

She had caught the child up in her arms, laughing and crying simultaneously. Sidney decided that she was the "Aunt Mollie" for whom they had searched and raised his hat.

"The kiddie lost her way," he explained. "I ran out to Mount Holly in the hope that she might be able to locate her home, but the effort was unavailing, and at last she remembered that she could find her way from the transfer station to your house."

"Lost!" The girl laughed nervously. "Betty," she added, "do you mean to say that you made this gentleman take you out to Mount Holly?"

The child nodded her head and looked fearlessly at the other girl.

"Betty has a passion for automobiling," she added. "Father has an inexplicable fear of it and will not have a car, so I suppose, that she took this means of obtaining a ride, the scheming little puss. She shall be punished and put to bed. She doesn't live in the country. Our home is just around the corner.

"Betty went out to play with a little friend, and not until the other little girl came to ask where she was did we realize that she was not safe at the Rawlings home."

"Jimmie Rawlings?" asked Sidney quickly. "Jim and I are great friends. May I ask him to bring me to call some time? Then I might have an excuse for taking Betty for a ride without tempting her to get lost on her own doorstep. It was just around the corner that I found her."

"She deserves no more rides," was the severe declaration, but Sidney offered an emphatic negative.

"I shall feel that she deserves many rides," he declared boldly, "if you will act as her chaperon."

The pretty girl flushed, but a glance at the eager face of the child decided her.

"Ask Mr. Rawlings to bring you over," she consented. "I am Alice Fulkins, by the way, and I am sure Aunt Betty—and I—will be very glad to go riding."

"I'll come tomorrow," promised Sidney as he climbed into the car. Then as he rolled down the street he assured himself that Betty should be forgiven and have a daily ride, for she had found for him the girl of girls.

Changed Her Name.

Mrs. Pigg, a very charming and vivacious widow, called on a legal friend of hers, a widower, to consult him on a matter of interest to her.

"You know, sir," she said to him, "that when the late Mr. Pigg died he left me all his fortune, much to my satisfaction, of course, but he handicapped it with the name of Pigg, which I must say I don't like."

"Well," ventured the lawyer, "I presume a handsome woman isn't especially complimented by being left a Pigg."

"I should say not," she laughed. "Now, what I came to see you about was whether or not I must execute what you call a deed poll to get it changed."

"Um—er," he hesitated, as if wrestling with a great legal problem—"um—er—yes, but an easier way is to apply to a person, and I'll pay all the expenses myself."

It was sudden, but a widow is never caught napping, and she appointed that evening for another consultation.

The Miserable Moors.

The lives lived by the Moors are without perhaps any exception the most precarious and miserable that can be imagined. The poor man is thrown into prison for sums he never possessed and can never pay, the rich to be squeezed of all he possesses, while those only can hope to escape who are members of families sufficiently powerful to arouse the fears of the local governor should he attempt extortion and not sufficiently powerful to stir up the avarice of the sultan.

Even the governors of the provinces suffer themselves as they make others suffer, for just as they squeeze the agriculturist and the peasant so are they in turn squeezed by the sultan and his viziers, and, should they fail by constant presents to maintain a good opinion at the court, they can expect only imprisonment and often death.—Blackwood's Magazine.

JERICHO.

The Famous City, Its Walls and the Curse of Joshua.

The walls of Jericho, remains of which have been excavated by German archaeologists, are, of course, chiefly famous in connection with their miraculous destruction by Joshua. It is recorded in the book of Joshua, chapter vi, that, by command of the Lord, Joshua at length passed the city, marching roundabout it once a day for six days, headed by seven priests bearing seven rams' horns before the ark. On the seventh day they encompassed it seven times. Then, on Joshua's command, "the people shouted, and the priests blew with the trumpets, and it came to pass when the people heard the sound of the trumpet that the people shouted with a great shout and the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city, destroying all that was in it, except Rahab the harlot, who had hidden the messengers sent by Joshua to spy out the city and her father's household. The date of this destruction is placed at B. C. 1451. In spite of Joshua's curse on any one who should rebuild the city, it was rebuilt in the reign of Ahab in B. C. 918 by Hiel, a native of Bethel, and it is recorded in I Kings xvi, 34, how the curse of Joshua was fulfilled. The second city flourished and under Herod the Great became important. It was sacked by one Simon, slave of Herod. Archelaus, the son of Herod, founded a new town on the plain, which he had planted with palms. Jericho was finally destroyed by Vespasian in A. D. 67.—London Advertiser.

DOING THE CZAR.

A Display of Quick Wit by the Comedian Martineff.

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia was once "sold" as follows:

During an interview which Martineff, the comedian and mimic, had succeeded in obtaining with Prince Volkhonsky, high steward, the emperor walked into the room unexpectedly, yet with a design, as was soon made evident.

Telling the actor that he had heard of his talents and should like to see a specimen of them, he bade him mimic the old minister. The feat was performed with so much gusto that the emperor laughed immoderately and then, to the great horror of the poor actor, desired to have himself taken off.

"'Tis physically impossible," pleaded Martineff.

"Nonsense!" said Nicholas. "I insist on its being done."

Finding himself on the horns of a dilemma, the mimic took heart of grace and, with a promptitude and presence of mind that probably saved him, buttoned his coat over his breast, expanded his chest, threw up his head and, assuming the imperial part to the best of his power, strode across the room and back; then, striding opposite the minister, he cried in the exact tone and manner of the czar:

"Volkhonsky, pay M. Martineff 1,000 silver rubles!"

The emperor for a moment was disconcerted; but, recovering himself with a smile, he ordered the money to be paid.

Stories of John Bright.

John Bright was supposed to be a total abstainer, but once when Edward Miall was very nervous at the prospect of having to make an important speech in the house Bright said:

"Well, Miall, if I were you I'd for once go and have a pint of champagne."

Mr. Miall did as he was told, and the result may be judged from the narrator's comment that "champagne on an unaccustomed interior is not always a curative or a tonic."

Bright rarely had any difference with his wife, but occasionally they were not at one about the children. When they came to a point of absolute disagreement he used to say:

"Now, I tell thee, if thou doesn't do what I wish I'll go straight to Mr. Gladstone and ask him to make me a knight," to which the answer invariably was:

"Oh, anything rather than that."

He Was Not Superstitious.

A captain of an ocean liner tells the following story: Coming from the old country was a very nervous old lady who complained that she was sure there was a rat in her stateroom.

"Keep it there, madam," said the captain.

"But do you like rats?" asked she.

"I've got a nest in my cabin," retorted the brusque seaman, "and I never disturb them. When they leave the ship I do."

"Why, you must be superstitious," urged the dame.

"No, ma'am," wound up the captain, "I'm not, but the rats are."

Qualified.

"I'm sure my daughter is going to make a great singer some day."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; she's always quarrelling with her mother, who tells me it is absolutely impossible to manage her."—Detroit Free Press.

Paid Her Back.

Mae—So you are engaged to George! I refused him three times. Ethel—That must have been what he meant when he told me that he had had several narrow escapes.—New York Journal.

The Flame.

Clara—That man who just passed was an old flame of mine. Kate—Indeed! What happened between you? Clara—Oh, he fizzled up one day and went out.—Boston Transcript.

WINTER WOOD.

It Makes the Best and Most Lasting Kind of Timber.

It has long been known that winter was the best time of the year for cutting down trees for their timber, but until the American bureau of forestry published the results of some experiments no one was sure why. The bureau of forestry selected four pine trees of the same age and of equal vigor, growing in the same soil, and felled them, the first at the end of December, the second at the end of January, the third at the end of February and the fourth at the end of March. They were hewn into logs of the same size and dried at the same place. Then the logs were tested.

The December log resisted a bursting strain twice as strong as that which the March log resisted. It furnished piles which were still perfect and undecayed sixteen years later, while the piles made from the March log had rotted within three or four years.

Wood that is felled in December is less porous than that cut at other times. It has been proved that oak felled in the spring allowed water to percolate through it in from two to three hours, while similar wood cut in December was seemingly impermeable.

There is a very simple method of using wood cut in winter or in spring. The former contains floury particles, which turn blue when tincture of iodine is poured upon them. The latter preserves its natural tint or merely becomes a little darker at the contact of iodine.—New York World.

COPIED NAPOLEON.

South American Dictators Who Imitated the French Despot.

The dictatorship of Castro in Venezuela has been compared with that of President Francia, who terrorized Paraguay for over thirty years. Francia was a worshiper of Napoleon, whom he endeavored to imitate in every possible way. He possesses only one portrait of his idol, a German caricature, which depicted the emperor wearing an exaggerated version of the famous gray overcoat. Francia took this picture seriously and for many years paraded the streets of Asuncion clad in a gray dressing gown and a cocked hat, which he fondly believed to be the habitual garb of the French despot.

Castro's most distinguished predecessor was also a Napoleon devotee, for Bolivar had seen his idol and copied thus imitate him more faithfully. He managed to acquire the emperor's brusque speech and other mannerisms, pulled people's ears when in a good humor and dictated dispatches to several secretaries at once. He founded an order closely modeled on the Legion of Honor; surrounded himself with a guard of negroes from Haiti after the style of Napoleon's mamelukes, and endeavored to codify the laws of his country. When he returned to Asuncion after witnessing Napoleon's coronation Bolivar entered Caracas standing in a Roman chariot drawn by twelve maidens belonging to the first families of the town.—London Chronicle.

A Narrow Escape.

When Mr. Hartman returned an hour later than usual, Mrs. Hartman asked him the reason, and his good natured face was solemn as he answered her. "I had had one narrow escape from drowning, Katchen," he said.

"How was that happen?" asked his wife as she helped him unwind the knitted scarf from his neck. "Tell to me it at once, Hans."

"It was at the ferry that I came late," said Mr. Hartman, "from the blocked cars, and the boat she was just starting. A man he called me out, 'Joomp, joomp,' and for one moment I thought to make as he said. But I reminded myself to be cautious and wait, and in one minute more, Katchen, came a great patch of water showing! Then I took holt of the post whereby I stood and said to myself, 'Hans, you were the wise man that you joomped not at first when that man advised.'"—Youth's Companion.

Cracked Furniture.

Ugly marks caused by splits or cracked places in furniture are easily filled in with beeswax, and the mark is never detected. In fact, this is how furniture dealers cover such blemishes. First slightly soften the beeswax until it is like putty, then press firmly into the cracks and smooth evenly with a thin knife. Sandpaper over the surrounding wood and work the dust into the beeswax. This gives a wood finish or color, and when the furniture is varnished you will look in vain for the blemishes. It is better than putty, since putty soon dries, crumbles and falls out, while beeswax will remain forever just where it is placed.

They Needed Prayers.

A member of parliament tells a good story of an out of the way country clergyman who did not keep up to date in what was going on in the world. One Sunday he asked his sexton: "Is the prayer for parliament to be used today? Is parliament still sitting?"

The sexton's reply came promptly. "Well, sir, I don't know; but, anyhow, better pray for them, for they're a precious bad lot!"—London Standard.

Truthful.

He—Give me a kiss. She (decidedly)—I won't. He—You shouldn't say "I won't" to me; you should say, "I prefer not." She—But that wouldn't be true.

The greatest firmness is the greatest mercy.—Longfellow.

Professional Cards.

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheets
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy H. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport
Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank B. Foster, Smethport
County Treasurer—F. F. Isherwood, Bradford
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford
Con'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. K. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville
Coroner—E. E. Sherman, Bradford
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bixby, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. A. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 229, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.
E. E. WILSON, Com.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BARNES, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, P. Chief.
JENNIE EGBERSPACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 25, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORE HOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
ED. BIGNELL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 3:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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"I ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF THE UNITED STATES."

Consul Skiddy's Dilemma

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

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Things had been dull in Apia before the arrival of Capt. Satterlee in the Southern Belle. Not business alone—which was, of course, only to be expected, what with the civil war being just over and the Kanakas driven to eat their cocoanuts instead of selling them to traders in the *form of copra*—but, socially speaking, the little capital of the Samoan group had been next door to dead.

Possibly this long spell of monotony contributed to Capt. Satterlee's pronounced and instant success. The topsails of the Southern Belle had hardly more than appeared over the horizon when people began to wake up and realize that stagnation had too long held them in its thrall. Satterlee was not at all the ordinary kind of sea captain to which the Beach (as Apia always alluded to itself) was more than well acquainted. Gin had no attractions for Capt. Satterlee, nor did he surround himself with dusky impropriety. He played a straight social game and lived up to the rules; even to party calls, and finger bowls on his cabin table. He was a tall, thin American, of about 45, with floor-walker manners, grayish mutton-chop whiskers and a roving eye. The general verdict of Apia was that he was "very superior." His superiority was apparent in his gentlemanly baldness, his openwork socks, his well-turned references to current events, his kindly and indulgent attitude toward all things Samoan. He deplored the rivalry of the three contending nationalities—German, English and American—whose official representatives quarreled fiercely among themselves and mismanaged the affairs of this unfortunate little South Sea kingdom, and whose unofficial representatives sold guns and cartridges indiscriminately to the warring native factions. Satterlee let it be inferred that the role of peacemaker had informally settled upon himself.

"In a little place everybody ought to pull together," he would say, his bland tolerance falling like balm from heaven, and he would clinch the remark by passing round 40-cent cigars.

The Southern Belle was a showy little vessel of about 90 tons, with the usual trade room in the after part of the ship, where the captain himself would wait on you behind a counter and sell you anything from a bottle of trade scent to a keg of dynamite. He never was so charming as when engaged in this exchange of commodities for coin, and it accorded so piquantly with his evident superiority that the purchaser had a pleasant sense of doing business with a gentleman.

"Of course I might run her as a yacht and play the heavy swell," he would remark. "But, candidly, I like this kind of thing; it puts me on a level with the others, you know; and then it's handy for buying supplies and keeping one in touch with the people." With this he would give you such a warming smile and perhaps throw in free a handful of fishhooks, or a packet of safety matches, or a toothbrush. Indeed, apart from this invariable prodigality, his scale of prices was ridiculously low, and if you were a lady you could buy out the ship at half price. As for young Skiddy, the American consul, the bars in his case were lowered even more, and he was just asked to help himself; which young Skiddy did, though sparingly. Capt. Satterlee took an immense fancy to this youthful representative of their common country, and treated him with an engaging mixture of respect and paternalism; and Skiddy, not to be behindhand, and dazzled, besides, by his elder's marked regard and friendship, threw wide the consular door and constantly pressed on Satterlee the hospitality of a cot on the back veranda.

The little consul had never known such a man; he had never heard such talk; he had never before realized the extent and splendor of the world. Sitting in the cabin of the Southern Belle, often far into the night, he would give rapt attention to this extraordinary being who had done everything and seen everything. Paris, London, Constantinople, New York, all were as familiar to Satterlee as the palm of his hand, and he had the story-telling gift that can throw a *glamor over the humblest incident.*

It is a sad commentary on human nature that it is so easily deceived. A glib tongue, an attractive manner, a few hundred dollars thrown carelessly about, and presto! you have the counterfeit of a Cecil Rhodes. We are not only willing to take people at their own valuation, but are ever ready to multiply that valuation by ten. Obtrude romance—rich, stirring romance—into the lives of commonplace people and they instantly lose their heads. Romance, more than cupidity, is what attracts the gold-brick investor.

Of course Satterlee was a poser, a fraud, a liar; the highest type of liar; the day-dreaming, well-read, genuinely inventive, highly imaginative, loving-it-for-its-own-sake liar. But to Skiddy every word he said was gospel true. He never doubted the captain for an instant. Life grew richer to him, stranger and more wonderful. It was like a personal distinction—a medal, or the thanks of congress—that Satterlee should thus have singled him out. His gratitude was unbounded. He felt both humble and elated. His cup was brimming over.

As the time began to draw near for the monthly mail from San Francisco Satterlee got restless and talked regretfully of leaving. He gave a great P. P. C. bargain day on board the Southern Belle, where sandwiches and bottled beer were served to all comers and goods changed hands at astonishing prices; coal oil at one seventy-five a case; hundred-pound kegs of beef at *four dollars; turkey-red cotton at six* cents a yard; square face at 30 cents a bottle, and similar cuts in all the standard commodities. There was no custom house in those days and you were free to carry everything ashore unchallenged. A matter of 80 tons must have been landed all round the beach; and the pandemonium at the gangway, the crush and jostle in the trade room, and the steady hoisting out of fresh merchandise from the main hold made a very passable South Sea imitation of a New York department store. At any rate there was the same loss of temper, the same harassed expression on the faces of the purchasers, and the same difficulty in getting change. As like as not you had to take it—the change—in the form of Jews' harps, screw eyes, or anything small and handy that happened to be near by. It was the most lightning performance Apia had ever witnessed, and the captain carried it off in a brisk, smiling way, as though it was the best joke in the world and he was only doing it all for fun.

Unfortunate captain! Unhappy destiny that brought in the mail cutter two days ahead of schedule! Thrice unlucky popularity that found thee basking in the sunshine of woman's favor instead of on thy four-inch deck! The pilot signaled the mail; *Skiddy put forth* in his consular boat, intercepting the cutter in the pass and receiving (on his head) his own special government bag. The proximity of the Southern Belle and the likelihood of Satterlee being at home caused Skiddy to board the ship and open the bag on her quarterdeck. One stout, blue and important-looking letter at once caught his eye. He opened the stout, blue and important-looking letter and—

There were no white men in the crew of the Southern Belle. They were all Rotumah boys, with the exception of Ah Foy, the Chinese cook. This amiable individual was singing over his pots and pans when he was suddenly startled by the apparition of Skiddy at the galley door. The little consul was deathly pale and there was something fierce and authoritative in his look.

"Come out of here!" he said abruptly. "I want to talk to you!"

The Chinaman followed him aft. He had a pretty good idea of what was coming. That was why he was sewn up with $200 in hard cash together with a twenty-dollar bill under his left heel. He began to cry and in five minutes had blurted out the whole thing. Self-preservation is the first law, and he had, besides, some dim conception of state's-evidence. Skiddy made the conception clearer and promised him immunity if he would make a clean breast of it. This the Chinaman forthwith did in his laborious pigeon. A good part of it was incomprehensible, but he established certain main facts and confirmed the stout, blue, important-looking letter. As Satterlee came off on a shore boat, pulling like mad, and then darted up the ladder in a sweat of apprehension, he was met at the top by Skiddy—not Skiddy his friend, but Skiddy the arm of the law, Skiddy the retributive, Skiddy the world's avenger, with Seniko, his towering cox, standing square behind him.

"John Forster," he said, "alias Satterlee, I arrest you in the name of the United States, on the charge of having committed the crime of barratry, and warn you that anything you say now may be hereafter used against you."

It was a horrible thing to say—to be forced to say—and no sense of public duty could make it less than detestable. Skiddy almost whispered out the words. The brutality of them appalled him. Remember, this was his friend, his hero, the man whose intimacy an hour before had been everything to him. Satterlee gave *him a quick, blank, pointless look, and* then, with a pitiful bravado, took a step forward with an attempted return to his usual confident air. He professed to be dumfounded at the accusation; he was the victim of a dreadful mistake; he tried, with a ghastly smile, to reassert his old dominion, calling Skiddy "old man" and "old chap" in a *shaky, fawning voice*, and waiting to take him below "to talk it over." But the little consul was adamantine. The law must take its course. He was sorry, terribly sorry, but as an officer of the United States he had to do his duty.

Satterlee preceded him into the boat. The consul followed and took the *yoke lines*. They were both dejected, and neither dared to meet the other's eyes. It was a mournful pull ashore, and tragic in the retrospect. A silence lay between them as heavy as lead. The crew, conscious of the captain's humiliation, though they knew not the cause, felt also constrained to a deep solemnity. Yes, a funereal pull, and it was a relief to everyone when at last they grounded in the shingle off the consulate.

"I Want to Talk to You."

In less time than it takes to write Alfred Scanlon was appointed a United States marshal, Charles Scanlon an assistant United States marshal, and the arrangement was made with them to take full charge of Capt. Satterlee during his trial. He was to live in their cottage, have his meals served from the International hotel and, while carefully guarded night and day, was to be treated "first-class" throughout.

"The law of the United States," boomed out little Skiddy, "assumes that a prisoner is innocent until he is actually convicted. I want both of you to remember that."

The Scanlons didn't understand a word of what he said, but they saluted and looked very much impressed. When you bought a Scanlon you got a lot for your money, including a profound gravity when you addressed him. It was the Scanlon way of recognizing that you were paying, and the Scanlon receiving, two dollars and fifty cents a day!

At the head of his two satellites, who kept pace respectfully behind him, Skiddy next directed himself to find Dillon. Dillon was a variety of white Scanlon, though of an infinitely lower human type, who kept a tiny store and cobbled shoes near the Mulivae bridge, and who, from some assumed knowledge of legal procedure, invariably acted as clerk of the court—any court—American, English or the Samoan high. You associated his heavy, bloated, grog-blossomed face and black-dyed whiskers as an inevitable part of the course of justice. It was his custom to take longhand notes of all court proceedings, as, of course, stenographers were unknown in Apia, *and at times it would seem* as though all Samoan justice boiled down to dictating to Dillon. As a witness you never looked at the judge; you looked at Dillon, and wondered whether he was taking you down right. A careful witness always went slowly, and used the words that Dillon was likely to understand.

What a stir was made in the little town as the news went round! Satterlee, the cherished, the entertained, the eagerly sought after—Satterlee, had been discovered to be a pirate! The Southern Belle was no Southern Belle at all, but the James H. Peabody. He had shipped as supercargo, putting in a thousand dollars of his own to *lull Mr. Crawford's* suspicions, and then had marooned the captain and mate on Eton Island and levanted with the ship! Heavens! What cackle, what excitement, what a furious flow of beer in every saloon along the beach! It was rumored that the great bargain day sales might be canceled; that the goods might have to be returned; that not a penny of compensation would be paid to the unlucky purchasers. Then what a rubbing out of marks took place, what a breaking up of telltale cases, what a soaking off of tags! The whole 80 tons disappeared like magic, and you could not find a soul who would even confess to a packet of pins!

The trial took place in the large room of the consulate. The big front doors stood open to the sea, where a mile away the breakers tossed and tumbled on the barrier reef. The back door was kept shut to keep out the manner noises of domesticity, but at intervals in the course of the trial you could hear the deliberate grinding of the consular coffee; the chasing of consular chickens; the counting of the consular wash; shrill arguments over the price of fish—a grotesque juxtaposition that seemed to make a mock of the whole proceedings.

On the reassembling of the court on the morning of the third day little Skiddy, from the majesty of the dais, *summed up the case at length*. It covered nine sheets of foolscap and had cost him hours of agonizing toil. Beginning with a general rhetorical statement about the "policy of nations" and "the security of the high seas," he descended by degrees to the crime of barratry—or, in plainer English, the theft of ships. He looked at barratry from every *side*, and the more he looked the less he seemed to like it. It was the cradle of piracy; it destroyed the confidence of owners; barratry, if frequently repeated, would shake the whole commercial structure. A person who committed barratry would commit anything. In this manner he went on and on, reviewing the evidence of the case, destroying the whole fabric of the defense, dwelling at length on the enormity of the entire transaction. The James H. Peabody had been deliberately seized. The prisoner had lawlessly converted her, the property of another, to his own base uses. He had broken into the cargo and shamelessly sold it as his own. He could plead neither the extenuation of youth, nor ignorance, nor the urging of others. He had conceived the crime, and had carried it out single-handed. The court could not accept the contention that Ah Foy, the Chinaman, had been in any sense a confederate or an accomplice. The court dismissed the charge against Ah Foy. But, after mature deliberation, its unanimous judgment was that John Forster, alias Satterlee, was guilty. The court sentenced John Forster, alias Satterlee, to ten years' penal servitude.

Purdy popped up with some question as to the scale of court fees. Thacher winked at Dillon, and began to roll up his papers. Skiddy descended from the dais and became an ordinary human being again. The captain, leaning forward in his chair, gazed absently out to sea. The Scanlon brothers appeared, officiously wanting to know what they were to do next. Skiddy was unable to tell them, except that they were to stay by the prisoner until he could consult with the authorities. He put on his hat, lit a cigar and forthwith departed.

The president was kind, the chief justice urbane. The income of the *kingdom barely sufficed* for their two salaries and they judged it incumbent (as they could do nothing else) to be as polite as possible to the American consul. But jails? Oh, no, they couldn't oblige Skiddy with a new jail! He was welcome to what they had, but it wasn't in reason that he could expect anything better. Skiddy said it was a hog pen. The president retorted that the king's allowance was eight months in arrears and that the western end of the island was still in rebellion. Jails cost money, and they had no money. Skiddy declared it was an outrage and asked them if they approved of putting a white man into a bare stockade, with none of the commonest conveniences or decencies of life? They were both shocked at the suggestion. The pride of race is very strong in barbarous countries. A white man is still a white man, even if he has committed all the crimes in the calendar. The chief justice very seriously pointed out that it would disgrace them all to confine Satterlee in the stockade and force him to mix with the drogs of the native population. Surely Mr. Skiddy could not consider such a thing for a moment. Mr. Skiddy wanted to know, then, what the deuce he was to do? The chief justice benignantly shook his head. He had no answer to that question. The president murmured suavely that perhaps next year, with an increased hut tax, and the suppression of the rebellion, the government might see its way to—

"Next year!" roared Skiddy. "I want to know what I'm to do now!"

Skiddy flung himself out lest his anger should get the best of him. He went and had another look at the jail and liked it even less than before. Faugh! it was disgusting! It would kill a white man in a week. It would be nothing less than murder to put Satterlee into it. He returned to the consulate to talk over the matter with the trusty Scanlons.

Would they consider a monthly arrangement on a reduced charge, giving Satterlee the best room in their cottage and pledging themselves that he should never quit the confines of their three-acre cocoanut patch? The half-caste brothers fell in joyfully with the suggestion, and their first wild proposals were beaten down to

A Scanlon Brother Stood for the United States Government.

$10 a month for custodianship and $15 for the room and the transport of Satterlee's food from the international hotel—$55 in all. Thirty dollars a *month for the hotel raised the grand* total to $85. Skiddy wondered ruefully whether Washington would ever indorse this arrangement, but in his desperation he couldn't see that he had any other choice. He would simply make Washington indorse it. It was with great relief that he saw the captain's departure from a corner of his bedroom window and felt that, for the moment, at least, he had a welcome respite from all his perplexities.

He put a captain and crew on board the James H. Peabody, and packed her back to San Francisco, at the same time apprising the state department by mail, and begging that a telegraphic answer might be sent him in respect to Satterlee's imprisonment and the expense it had necessarily entailed. He calculated that the telegram would catch an outgoing man-of-war that was shortly due. The consular salary was $200 a month, and if the $85 for Satterlee was disallowed the sum was indubitably bound to sink to $115. Deducting a further fifty which little Skiddy was in the habit of remitting to his mother, a widow in narrow circumstances, and behold his income reduced to sixty-five a month! It was hardly surprising, therefore, that Skiddy waited on pins and needles for the department's reply.

In the course of weeks it came:

"Skiddy U S consul apia samoa satterlee case the department authorizes charge for food, but none for custody or lodging, bronson assistant secretary."

This was a staggering blow. It definitely placed his salary at $95. He sat down and wrote a stinging letter to the department, inclosing snapshot pictures of the jail, the prisoners, the huts and other things that cannot be described here. It evolved an acrimonious reply, in which he was bidden to be more respectful. He was at liberty (the dispatch continued), if he thought it advisable as an act of private charity, to maintain the convict Satterlee in a comfortable cottage, but the department insisted that it should be at his (Skiddy's) expense. The department itself advocated the jail. If the situation were as disgraceful as he described it ought not the onus be put on the Samoan government and thus place the department in a position "to make strong representations through the usual diplomatic channels?"

"But in the meantime what would happen to Satterlee?" returned the consul in official language across 6,000 miles of sea and land.

"You are referred to the previous dispatch," retorted the department.

"But it will kill him," said Skiddy, again crossing an ocean and a continent.

"If the convict Satterlee should become ill you are at liberty to send him to the hospital."

"Yes, but there isn't any hospital," said Skiddy.

"The department cannot withdraw from the position it took up, nor the principle it laid down in dispatch No. 214 B."

Thus the duel went on, while Skiddy cut down his cigars, sold his riding horse and generally economized. A regret stole over him that he hadn't sentenced Satterlee to a shorter term and he looked up the consular instructions to see what pardoning powers he possessed. On this point the little book was dumb. Not so the department, however, to whom a hint on the subject provoked the reply, "that by so doing you would stultify your previous action and impugn the finding of the consular court. The department would view with grave displeasure, etc.—"

Satterlee soon made himself very much at home in the Scanlon prison. His winning personality never showed to better advantage than in those days of his eclipse. He dandled the Scanlon offspring on his knee; helped the women with their household tasks; played checkers with the burly brothers. He was prodigiously respected. He gathered in the Scanlon hearts, even to uncles and second cousins. You would have taken him for a patriarch in the bosom of a family of which he was the joy and pride. He received the best half-caste society on his front porch and dispensed Scanlon hospitality with a lavish hand. These *untutored souls had no proper* conception of barratry. They couldn't see any crime in running away with a schooner. They pitied the captain as a bold spirit who had met with undeserved misfortunes. The Samoan has ever a sympathetic hand for the fallen mighty; and the hand is never empty of a gift.

On Sundays Skiddy paid the captain a periodical visit. He would bring the latest papers, if there were any, or a novel or two from his scanty stock. Their original friendship had died a violent death, but a new one had gradually risen on the ashes of the old.

Satterlee and he took long walks into the mountains, invariably accompanied by a Scanlon brother to give an official aspect to the excursion. It maintained the fast-disappearing principle that Satterlee was a convict and under vigilant guard. It served to take away the appearance, besides (which they might otherwise have presented), of two friends spending a happy day together in the country. A Scanlon brother stood for the United States government and the majesty of the law, and propriety dominated his presence as peremptorily as a chaperon for a young lady. A Scanlon brother could be useful, too, in climbing cocoanut trees, rubbing sticks together when the matches were lost, and in guiding them to noble waterfalls far hidden in the forest.

In this manner nearly a whole year passed, which, for the little consul, *represented an unavoidable* monthly outlay of $55. He got somewhat used to it, as everybody gets somewhat used to everything; but he could not resist certain recurring intervals of depression when he contrasted his present circumstances with his bygone glory. Fifty-five dollars a month made a big hole in a consular income and he would gaze down that ten-year vista with a sinking heart. But relief was closer at hand than he had ever dared to hope. From the department? No, but from Satterlee himself.

The news was brought to little Skiddy early one morning. Alfred Scanlon, with an air of gloom, dejectedly coughed his way into the bedroom and handed the consul a letter. It was written on pale pink note-paper, of the kind Samoans like best, with two lavender birds embossed in the corner. It was from Satterlee. The letter ran thus:

"Dear Friend: When this reaches you I shall be far to sea. My excuse for so long subsisting on your bounty must be laid to my ignorance, which was only illuminated two days ago by accident. I had no idea that you were paying for me out of your own private purse, or that my ease and comfort were obtained at so heavy a cost to yourself. Regretfully I bring our pleasant relations to an end, impelled, I assure you, by the promptings of a heartfelt friendship. I loved the simple people among whom my lot was cast and looked forward, at the termination of my sentence, to end the balance of my days peacefully among them. The world, seen from so great a distance, and from within so sweet a nest, frightened me, old stager that I am. God knows I have never seen but its ugliest side and return to it with profound depression. Kindly explain my abrupt departure to the Scanlons, and if you would do me a last favor buy a little rocking-horse that *there is* at Edward's store, price three dollars, and present it in my name to my infant goddaughter, Apeli Scanlon. To them all kindly express my warmest and sincerest gratitude; and, for yourself, dear friend, the best, the truest, the kindest of men, accept the warm grasp of my hand at parting. Ever yours,

"JOHN SATTERLEE."

"It must have been the Hamburg bark that sailed last night," quavered Scanlon.

Of course Skiddy blew that Scanlon up. He wiped the floor with him. He roared at him till the great hulking creature shook like jelly and his round black eyes suffused with tears. He made him sit down then and there, swore him on the consular Bible and made him dictate a statement, which was signed in the presence of the cook. This accomplished Alfred was ingloriously dismissed, while the consul went out on the back veranda and sat there in his pajamas to think the matter over.

That night the consul had champagne at dinner, and drank a silent toast:

"Good luck to him, poor old devil!"

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The Obliging Reformer.

By STELLA CADMUS.

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There was no use denying that Sydney Gerald was a dawdler. He had wealth, good looks, youth, and was a society favorite. Now and then he went hunting or yachting, but most of the time he simply dawdled. That meant his club, the races and society.

He was accounted a catch, but no one caught him. He didn't really try to dawdle, but pursued his lymphatic way simply because there seemed nothing else to do.

"See here, you good-for-nothing," said the widow of the late Hon. Charles Spofford one evening at a reception as she drew him down to a seat beside her, "I have a duty to perform."

"I wish I had," he replied.

"People are saying you have no energy, no ambition, no aim in life. You have too much money—too much time on your hands. You are throwing your years away."

"Tell me what to do," replied Sydney, yawning.

"Get married."

"Too much trouble—too many emotions."

"Take a trip around the world."

"Too much change of scenery."

"Ah, I have it!" exclaimed Mrs. Spofford after a moment's thought. "You are rich. Why not turn philanthropist? Not in the way of hospitals or asylums, but go among the poor and give a few of your dollars to alleviate distress and misfortune. You don't know the real people as I do. There is no day that I am not feeding the hungry and giving out alms. Only this afternoon I gave a one legged man half a dollar, and you ought to have heard his words of gratitude."

"Just so," replied Sydney Gerald, with a bit of a smile as he thought of the many one legged men he had tossed quarters to.

"Try it for a few weeks—for three months. It may lead to your becoming a reformer. At any rate, it will rouse you up and give you something new to think of. It is positively sinful for you to be dawdling along this way."

"Yes, I think so."

"If you should turn out to be a reformer I shall take most of the credit to myself. Three months, Mr. Gerald—try it for three months, and at the end of that time I will arrange for a little gathering to hear your report. It cannot fail to be interesting. You will have a hundred different incidents to relate. Don't you feel a new and strange ambition already?"

"Yes, I think I do. Yes, I think I will turn reformer. I may not make a success of it, but I'll make a try."

The relict of the Hon. Charles spread the news. As Sydney Gerald did not entirely drop society while fitting himself for a reformer, he was lauded and quizzed on numerous occasions by numerous people.

Only a scanty few credited him with the necessary energy to pursue the object, and the most that was predicted of his efforts was the depletion of his purse without corresponding gain. There was a great deal said about the unthankfulness and ingratitude of the world in general, but it didn't seem to affect him much.

"You know you must not look for too much gratitude," cautioned Mrs. Spofford.

"No, I shan't."

"You will feel that you have done your duty, and your conscience will reward you."

"Just so."

"Many and many a time I have given pennies and got never a word of thanks. In fact, I have got black looks as the wheels of my carriage happened to throw a little mud, but I drove on feeling that I had made the world a trifle better. That feeling must be your reward."

"Yes, I shall look for it."

When the three months had expired Sydney Gerald announced his readiness to report. A score of ladies gathered in the drawing room of the Hon. Charles' widow. There were no men among them. Charity and reform did not touch that sex.

When he was ushered in it was remarked that he seemed to have acquired energy and gained ambition, and there was great curiosity as to what he would report.

"Ladies, I beg to say," began Sydney, "that in my ignorance of how to go to work I began my investigations in the house of a wealthy lady. It came about almost by accident. I found that she was in arrears to all her servants and that tradesmen were clamoring for their bills. I relieved the distress. I gave each servant two months' back pay and paid each tradesman something on account. I have a memorandum of her name."

Here Sydney Gerald paused. Mrs. Spofford turned pale, but her nerve was with her, and she managed to force a smile.

"By accident again," resumed Sydney, "I turned a corner one evening and bumped against a young woman in tears. I was a stranger, but when she understood that I had taken up the business of reformer she told me the cause of her distress. She was a seamstress.

"She had worked a week on a gown for a well known lady and on carrying it to the house had been told that she must wait a couple of weeks for her pay. She was going home penniless, hungry and the rent unpaid. The lady in the case bought a diamond tiara next day that was mentioned in all the papers. She could have paid the bill a thousand times over, but she needed the diamonds first. I paid the seamstress."

There was an uneasy movement up and down the room, and for some reason all eyes were directed on Mrs. Somerville. She was conscious of the fact, but with a sang froid that did her credit she put up her lorgnette and stared at a picture on the wall.

"I happened in at a milliner's," said Sydney, with a smile. "Queer place for a man to be, but I happened. Can't say that I was looking for a hat, but in searching out subjects for reform you have to drop into various places. Milliner a nice little widow. All her capital in the business. Just received a letter from a wholesale house threatening suit on bills overdue. Her customers all rich, but they didn't pay cash down. Don't pay in three or six months. In fact, they didn't pay for a year or so and only when forced to. I have seen many of the hats that were bought there that way. Relieved the distress and passed on."

Every lady in the room except the Hon. Mrs. Spofford had on an expensive hat. Each lady started to look at the other, but gave it up and cast down her eyes with proper modesty. They might not all have known the milliner referred to, but they had thoughts. After a painful silence Mr. Gerald continued:

"Happened to meet the butler of a house where I frequently call. Just happened, you know. Down in the mouth; looked billous. As a would be reformer I spoke to him and got his story. Lady of the mansion hadn't paid his wages for five months and had borrowed his savings besides. He dared to speak to her about it, and she had sent him packing. Saw the same lady buying a $600 ruby ring the other day."

Every lady in the room helplessly glanced at the hands of every other lady. A poodle dog belonging to one of them seemed to be the only thing in the room at ease.

"Happened to call on a florist," said the obliging reformer when the silence had endured to the painful point; "just happened so. One of his statements of accounts sent out to a lady had been returned with a very sharp note. The account was two years old, and because he sought to collect it the debtor informed him that she should take her patronage elsewhere. It was only one case out of a score. Sympathized with the florist and passed on. Happened across a discharged coachman, discharged for hinting that he wanted his wages. Helped him out with a five dollar bill. Happened to run across a governess in the same fix. That's all. Good evening, ladies."

For two minutes after the reformer disappeared no one spoke. Then one lady after another rose up to go and, turning to the honorable widow, worked up a smile and said:

"Isn't Sydney Gerald just too charming for anything! And how awful of people not to pay their bills!"

Balzac's Refuge.

Admirers of Balzac who visit Paris will be interested in a museum specially devoted to souvenirs of the writer. It consists of the quaint old house and garden in the Rue Raynouard, in 47, which he inhabited many years and where he wrote a number of his best works. Curiously enough, the house recalls one of the most difficult periods of his life, when, it is said, he was hunted and persecuted by debtors to an alarming extent. He selected the house, it is stated, purposely as a sort of harbor of refuge from duns. It has no direct refuge from the Rue Raynouard, and one has first to pass through the hall of another house and go down two flights of stairs to a courtyard below. The house, which is a small building and which the French would only call a "pavillon," is entered from this courtyard and has a little garden at the back. At one side of the garden there is a steep wall down the side of the hill, giving the place the appearance of a little fortress.

The Thumb.

The disparagement of the usefulness and importance of the thumb implied in the expression, "His fingers are all thumbs," seems undeserved in view of the important part the thumb formerly played in the social customs of the people and the very important part it plays in our own lives.

Lord Erskine, in his "Institutes," states that among certain of the lower ranks in Scotland the final settlement of a bargain was always signalized by the licking and joining of thumbs.

Selden, in "Titles of Honor," says that kissing the thumb was a mark of servility. The clergy, the rich and the great, were in receipt of this honor from their tradesmen.

From the remotest days of antiquity the practice of licking the thumb has been regarded as a solemn pledge or promise, existing, according to Tacitus and other authorities, among the Goths, the Iberians and the Moors, and it may also be traced through successive periods down to our own times.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Tipping Tip.

How to avoid tipping the waiter at a restaurant: When the bill comes, pay it exactly. A certain involuntary expression of astonishment will be visible on the waiter's face, well trained though it may be. You should then rise, saying to him, "I have made an excellent dinner; you manage the establishment much better than the preceding proprietor did." During his rapture at being mistaken for the owner of the restaurant you escape.—Argonaut.

Economical.

She—I'm going to give you back our engagement ring. I love another. He—Give me his name and address. She—Do you want to kill him? He—No, I want to sell him the ring.—Pick-Me-Up.

Milk Toast and Cheese.

Make some rich milk toast and spread out on a flat dish. Cover with a thick layer of grated cheese and put in the oven till the cheese melts and browns.—Harper's Bazar.

A Sponger.

"The worse of Spongely is he never pays anything," said Grabbles.

"Oh, doesn't he, though? Ask him to pay you a visit and see," retorted Hicks.

RAILROAD STORIES.

The Man Who Paid the Conductor and the Name on the Ticket.

An old time traveling man was talking of experiences of former days on the road. "Frequently," said this traveler, "I journeyed to Cincinnati. The fare from my city to that place was then about $3.25. I saved something by handing the conductor $2 in cash. One day there was an excursion, and I bought a round trip ticket for $1.25 or $1.50—I've forgotten the exact amount, but that circumstance need not cripple this story. When I handed this ticket to the conductor as he tore off the return coupon he looked at me and in a voice betraying how deeply he was hurt he remarked, 'My young friend, don't you know that I can afford to haul you much cheaper than this company can?'

"On another occasion, when in Chicago, a colored man met me at the entrance of the station, asked me where I was going and offered to sell me a ticket for $1. The ticket was to Louisville, but I was only going to Indianapolis. Cheap enough.

"When the conductor came along to take up my ticket he asked me my name. It was usual to write one's name on the ticket in the presence of the conductor. I told him my name was on the ticket. He grinned as he handed it back and asked me to look at it and say if that was my name. I looked. The name on the ticket was 'Mary Flaherty.' He grinned again, somewhat sarcastically, but he took the ticket."—Pittsburg Press.

SNORING.

One of the Evils We Acquire With Our Civilization.

It is a truism that no one ever heard of a snoring savage. In fact, if the wild man of the woods and plains does not sleep quietly, he runs the risk of being discovered by his enemy, and the scalp of the snorer would soon adorn the belt of his crafty and more quietly sleeping adversary. With civilization, however, we have changed all this. The impure air of our sleeping rooms induces all manner of catarrhal affections. The nasal passages are the first to become affected. Instead of warming the inspired air on its way to the lungs and removing from it the dangerous impurities with which it is loaded the nose becomes obstructed. A part of the air enters and escapes by the mouth. The veil of the palate vibrates between the two currents—that through the mouth and the one still passing through the partially closed nostrils—like a torn sail in the wind. The snore, then, means that the sleeper's mouth is partially open, that his nose is partially closed and that his lungs are in danger from the air not being properly warmed and purified. From the continued operation of these causes—the increase of impure air in sleeping rooms and permitting habitual snorers to escape killing and sculping—some scientist has predicted that in the future all men (and all women, too) will snore. It goes along with decay of the teeth and baldness.—Health.

Natural Kindness.

At an out of the way railroad junction a traveler found himself hungry, but with only two minutes to spare before his train left. "I'll take a cup of coffee," he said to the young woman in charge of the restaurant. "I've no time for anything else."

"You can take all the time you want, sir," said the young woman cordially. "You look at this bill of fare, and I'll telephone to the superintendent to delay the train a little while."

"Why, can that be done?" asked the traveler in amazement.

"Certainly," said the young woman. "Of course it can. It's a branch road and no other train coming or going over it today, and the superintendent would want you to have a good meal. He owns this restaurant."—Youth's Companion.

The Influence of Bath.

Is there any town in the world that has so imposed itself as much as Bath upon the life and language of the nation? For some there are Bath buns, for others Bath Olivers, and the militant ladies who find the buns too soft may throw Bath bricks at office or other windows if they disapprove of the Bath chaps. When we become infirm it is the Bath chair we seek. And that "thousand years" of the middle ages "without a bath" seems now horrible.—London Chronicle.

Separated.

"Some men are fond of work, and others are not," said Wilber. "Take Dawson, for instance. He is wedded to his work."

"Not now," said Hickenlooper. "He's been divorced."

"Divorced? What do you mean?" asked Wilber.

"He was bounced last Saturday," said Hickenlooper.—Lippincott's.

Just Suited Him.

"Miss Pansy, yo' subtingly has got well developed ahms, ef yo'll pahdon ma sayin' so."

"Ah developed dem ahms workin' ovah de washtub, Mistah Rufus."

"Um—um—er—Miss Pansy, will yo' be mah wife?"—Denver Post.

Rebuked.

Large Lady (beamingly)—Could I get a seat near the stage, please? Box Office (surveyingly)—Why, certainly. What row did you want? Large Lady (indignantly)—Don't get fresh, young man.—Judge.

Chilling Her Ardor.

"I saw a perfect dream of a hat today," said Mrs. Musthavelt.

"Well, just remember that you're no sleeping beauty," replied Musthavelt, who was in an ugly mood.—Detroit Free Press.

A lot of men try to be fair, but not many would give themselves the worst of it in compiling an autobiography.—Atchison Globe.

TRIED TO BE NICE.

But Fannie Made an Awful Mess of It With the Old Lady.

"When Fannie is bent upon pleasing," sighed Fannie's younger sister, "she can certainly make a horrible mess of things. Last Sunday Charlie Evans, having arrived at the point where he felt he wanted his family's opinion of me, invited us both up to take tea with his mother. The minute I laid eyes on his mother I knew Fannie would get in trouble—she simply can't help getting nervously foolish when there's a religious person around.

"Charlie's mother kissed us and, addressing herself to Fannie as the elder, said something about our being very sweet to come and see a daughterless old woman. Whereat Fannie looked at Charlie and his two brothers and replied feelingly that it must be a terrible disappointment to have only them. Mrs. Evans, to rectify my sister's misapprehension, told us proudly that she had three more sons, not present.

"By this time Fannie realized that she had made a bad beginning and leaped further in with the supposition that the other three were off having a good time instead of moping at home. The elder lady drew herself up and said severely:

"'My three sons are in heaven, Miss Barnes.'

"'Oh, how awful!' came Fannie's ready gasp.

"'No, not awful at all!' and Mrs. Evans was positively glaring at us. 'I feel that they were specially blessed in being allowed to pass thus early to their Lord. They died as little children.'

"'Dear me, how glad you must have been!' blurted out flustered Fannie.

"By this time I had kicked a hole in her ankle, and that quieted her for awhile. She might have kept still for the rest of the evening had not her pet subject, the higher education of woman, come up for the old lady's disapproval. Then Fannie made a handspring into the conversation by remarking that when we had more educated mothers there would be less infant mortality.

"And, mind you, Fannie was really trying to be nice for my sake."—New York Times.

THE WORD "ALPHABET."

It Comes Through the Greeks and Hebrews From Phoenicia.

When we speak of our A B C's as our "alphabet" we are using a word heavy with age, that, as far back as we can trace it, came from the eastern shore of the Mediterranean sea, thousands of years before the Hebrews went up there and took possession of the land of Canaan. Back of the people who occupied that land before the events of Exodus were written we are not able to trace the word, for we have not sufficient knowledge of them or of their etymological history before we find them in Canaan.

It has been only within recent years that we have been able to know that the word "alphabet" came to us from the Phoenicians. Before that we supposed that it came to us from the Hebrews through the Greek. As we say "A B C" the Greeks say "alpha beta" (the first two letters of their alphabet), which when it reached us became "alphabet." This we supposed had come to the Greeks from the Hebrews, who called their first two letters "alph" and "beth," but since then we have found that both the Greeks and the Hebrews got the word "alphabet" from the same source, which was the Phoenicians.

The people of Phoenicia had the same letters, "alph" and "beth," which have suffered but little change in sound down to our A and B. Alph meant simply an ox, the sign of it being a conventional ox's head, with the lower part of the face turned slightly to its right, and beth meant a house, which was pictured by the rude outline of a primitive dwelling, which had a superfluous line added to distinguish it from other characters very like it, as we place a tail on a Q to distinguish it from an O. So the first two letters of our A B C's were originally an ox and a house and gave the name of all of the twenty-six letters which we call our "alphabet."—New York Herald.

Kissing the Book.

"Kissing the book" is a rather late development of the mere touching of the gospels with the fingers, which dates from the sixth century. It is likely that the kiss was originally intended not to increase the solemnity of the oath, but to signify reverence and affection for the book. The kiss appears to have come into fashion toward the end of the sixteenth century and would seem, from what George Fox says of it, to have been a Protestant innovation. According to him, the unreformed method was simply to hold the gospels with three fingers above the book, typifying the Trinity, and two fingers below, typifying the twofold destruction of body and soul that an oath taker invoked upon himself if he swore falsely.

Politics and Poker.

A man who dips into politics occasionally may be compared to a man who engages in a poker game occasionally. He is liable to run into a professional and be worsted. The safe rule is to keep out of politics and poker.—Atchison Globe.

She Threw Him Over Twice.

"Why have you thrown over Mr. Pitcoe?"

"Oh, I could never marry a man with a crooked leg."

"What made his leg crooked?"

"I ran over it with my motor car."—Success Magazine.

Revenue.

In reverence is the chief joy and power of life; reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvelous in the powers that cannot die.—Ruskin.

ORIENTAL SERVANTS.

All Around Ability of the Indispensable "Boy" In India.

In these days of loud wailing about the haughty domestic, exorbitant wages and small returns it is soothing to recall the efficiency and submissive service of the oriental servant.

In India the indispensable "boy" does everything—"boy" being a generic name regardless of age or native dignity—receiving in remuneration the equivalent of $12 to $14 a month at the most. He buys your railroad tickets, checks your luggage, settles the clamors of luggage coolies, gives your tips and shoos away the hordes of beggars, telegraphs to hotels for your rooms and takes care of them when you get there, makes the bed, brings the afternoon tea, stands behind your chair at table and serves you, brings your account when you leave and wrangles for you over its inevitable extortions.

At the dak bungalows he forages for your meals and, if necessary, cooks them. He produces washmen, sewing men and all sorts of dealers in everything on demand. He makes up your bed on sleeping cars and replenishes your supply of ice and soda. He runs your errands, cleans your boots and hats, darns your stockings and mends your clothes.

When you walk abroad, he attends you and directs you to the bazaars where you will be robbed least, receiving his commission later from an appreciative proprietor.

For every rupee intrusted to him for general expenditure he renders an account, and though he doubtless robs you gently he does not let others do it (and it is distinctly advantageous to be robbed by one person rather than a score).

He is silent and noiseless, salaams whenever you speak to him and never enters your presence with his shoes on or his turban off.

And finally, his multifarious day ended, he wraps himself in his shawl and sleeps across your threshold.—New York Tribune.

SAW THE GHOST.

A Story That Stood the Test of a Court of Law.

As a circumstantial ghost story and one that stood the cold scrutiny of a court of law Booty's case is without a parallel. The date given is 1688, when Mrs. Booty brought an action for slander against one Captain Barnaby for what he had said of her late husband. According to an extract from a journal produced in court, dated Friday, May 15, 1687, the captain on that day went ashore with a large party of friends to shoot rabbits upon Stromboli, the island off Italy, which, from its ever burning crater, is called "the lighthouse of the Mediterranean." At about 3:30 in the afternoon two men were seen running toward the volcano which was emitting flames. Captain Barnaby then exclaimed, "Lord bless me, the foremost is old Booty, my next door neighbor." They then vanished in the flames, a fact of which every one present took note.

Upon Captain Barnaby's return to England he learned that "old Booty" had died just about the time of the strange occurrence at Stromboli. He then made the remark, which was the subject of the action, that he "had seen old Booty running into the flames of hell pursued by the devil." Mrs. Booty claimed £1,000 as damages, and the case came on in the king's bench before the chief justice, Sir Robert Wright. For the defense, in addition to the testimony of Captain Barnaby and his friends, old Booty's clothes were brought into court and identified by several witnesses as being similar to those worn by the foremost man who ran into the crater—even to the peculiar buttons on the coat. The judge was so impressed by this evidence that he said: "Lord have mercy upon me and grant that I may never see what you have seen. One, two or three may be mistaken, but not thirty." And so Booty's widow lost the day, and the case remains, perhaps, as the only judicially accepted ghost story on record.—London Chronicle.

Sound In the Air.

A writer in the Strand Magazine describes the astonishment he experienced when riding over London in a balloon at a height of more than half a mile he heard the deafening roar of the great city beneath him as it could not be heard when on the ground. The noise, even at that height, was so harsh and intense as to be painful to the ear. How perfect a sound conductor the air is was shown when the balloon drifted far over the city to a wooded part of the country, where the murmur of the leaves moved by the wind, half a mile below, was distinctly heard.

Careful For Others.

"No," said the candid kleptomaniac when I'm arrested for pilfering I never give my real name. It would compromise too many people."

"Indeed! And what is your name?" inquired the magistrate.

"John Smith."—Philadelphia Ledger

A Chip of the Old Block.

Crimsonbeak—Owen Moore's son was in to see me today.

Yeast—Indeed! Doesn't he remind you of his father?

"Very much. He wanted to borrow $5."—Yonkers Statesman.

Particular Points.

"Shall I touch out the wrinkles in your face?" asked the photographer.

"By all means," answered the elderly beau. "And also those, if there be any, in my trousers."—Kansas City Journal.

The Living First.

"The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave you." This we all know afterward! yet, lo, these noxious herbs instead!—Jean Paul.

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without them—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE

is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

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SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 10,694.71
Bonds	187,418.90
Loans	570,589 87
Cash	22,681.31
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,844.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.88
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

Amendment of Charter.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., on Tuesday, April 6th, 1909, at two o'clock P. M., by the BRADFORD BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION for the improvement, amendment and alteration of its charter and that the character, nature and object of such improvement, amendment and alteration of said charter to be applied for as follows:

Enlarging the purpose for which said corporation is formed so that the purpose of its incorporation shall hereafter be as follows:—"To foster, protect, encourage and promote the welfare and interests of persons engaged in trade and commerce in the City of Bradford, Penn'a, by combining the intelligence and influence of the members against imposition and fraud, as experience may from time to time prove needful, by bringing about greater uniformity and certainty in business connections and by establishing closer ties of business association among its members, and by aiding and assisting the members in the collection of bills and accounts due and owing to them respectively."

Said application is now on file in the Prothonotary's office.

W. E. BURNICK,
Solicitor.

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